THE LIVING AGE

FILE

JUL 5 1939

The World in Review

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

THE fight between the Rome-Berlin and the London-Paris Axes is at its most violent in the Balkan countries with the French and the British desperately trying to compensate for lost time. While the democracies have made some headway in the field of trade, the Germans and Italians are still superior in the art of propaganda, utilizing every local weapon that offers.

Stoyan Christowe, already known to our readers for his authoritative article on Yugoslavia (THE LIVING AGE, May), traces the present activities of Macedonian terrorists, and shows the link between them and the Fascist propaganda machine. [p. 408] Our second article, 'Rumania in Suspense' deals with that country's last-ditch attempts to retain her independence in the face of pressure from all sides. [p. 412] Professor Seton-Watson, the author of our article on Bulgaria, is a recognized authority on Central European and Balkan history. [p. 415]

ROBERT DELL, longtime correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Paris, has written a special article for THE LIVING AGE in which he tells us how Europe appears to him after an extended visit to the United States. He has, incidentally, flattered our municipal vanity considerably by calling New York the 'best dressed city in the world.' [p. 418]

THE first article in the section, which brings us a lively 'Radio Reportage,' deals with England's now serious campaign to hold her own in radio propaganda. Evidently she is not doing badly. B.B.C. broadcasts may be dull, but they are informative and people want information. [p. 422] Our second article explores the novel possibilities of 'Radio Forgery' and the terrific political repercussions it might have in an already jittery world. [p. 424]

Last, we present the German official reaction to broadcasts from abroad—the solemn warning to the listeners not to be tempted into even 'mental treachery' to the Fatherland. [p. 425]

THE extent of German and Italian intervention in Spain, now freely revealed by those two countries, came as a shock even to those who have held it justified by the Russian assistance to the Loyalists. General Franco is faced today with the double problem of paying his debt to his allies and returning his shattered country to a normal existence. Our article on this subject deals with the trying period of 'Spanish Reconstruction.' [p. 431]

ONLY recently mutual congratulations exchanged between Neville Chamberlain and Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Premier, seemed to bear witness to the enduring qualities of the century-old Anglo-Portuguese Alliance. Yet Claude Vivières, writing in *L'Ordre*, claims that the reality behind the flowery façade of diplomacy is entirely different and that Dr. Salazar has been unobtrusively steering his country's course into totalitarian channels. [p. 435]

PHILIPPE BARRÈS, a correspondent of *Paris-Soir*, went to Italy at the same time as did General Brauchitsch with his Nazi military mission. He jotted down his impressions of Italian public opinion on the ever-growing influx of 'Teutons in Italy.' [p. 439]

WILL the British Labour Party be able to form a Government after the next general election? An important factor to J. T. Murphy, the author of 'Labour Party's Fifth Crisis,' is whether differences of policy among the Party leadership can be resolved. [p. 427]

(*Continued on page 500*)

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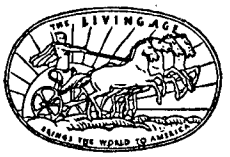

July, 1939 *Volume 356, Number 4474*

The World Over

IN EUROPE ALL INDICATIONS POINT to a jittery and morally expensive 'peace' continuing throughout the first months of the summer. Peace prevailed last summer, too, to be followed by the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia, the swallowing up of Albania, the rape of Spain. During the month past, the Polish-German problem occupied the headlines, and here again it appeared that such history as has been in the making during the past few years would repeat itself. There seemed little likelihood that either England or France would intervene with military aid should Germany march against Poland. In many minds, the sacrifice of Danzig was considered a *fait accompli;* certainly few looked to England to save the once 'free city.'

Two more immediate problems occupied the British government. The long-drawn out negotiations with a coyly aloof Russia was one; there were indications that France was both wearied and worried by England's failure to forge the highly publicized encirclement chain. The other problem was an ironic backfire from the goodwill tour of the King and Queen to Canada and the United States. British Tories were none too well pleased by the enthusiastic reception given their Majesties; it was not themselves the royal couple were supposed to sell, but rather support for the 'appeasement' policies of the present government. But politics were kept far in the background during the tour.

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No new, much needed support for the Chamberlain group was built up; as a result the long expected Cabinet shake-up is expected before mid-summer.

IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA an acutely dangerous and complex situation has been brewing, meanwhile. Symptomatic of that situation was the slaying of a German policeman at Kladno, allegedly by Czechs, and that of a German gendarme, reportedly by German police. The inevitable denials were issued by both parties, but the problem is vastly more serious than even the sulphurous atmosphere engendered by the aforementioned slayings.

As some of their exploits demonstrated during the World War, the Czechs are expert saboteurs, both in industrial and agricultural fields. Czech factory-hands not yet banished to the Reich by the Gestapo have literally tossed monkey-wrenches into those industrial plants appropriated by their German masters; vast oil reserves are still retained in tanks with special locks that the Germans have been unable to open, to the undisguised mirth of workers; hundreds of Czech farmers are withholding their crops of wheat, rye, oats and potatoes; and Czech tax-collectors are purposely indifferent to the collection of payments. Hundreds of others—ex-soldiers, aviators, former officials—have fled across the Polish frontier. Vojta Beneš, brother of the former President, has just succeeded with his wife in racing into Poland, scarcely more than a few feet ahead of Hitler's secret police. Hardly a week passed in June that one or more Czech aviators failed to land planes on Polish territory, after outdistancing German pursuers.

This growing Czech resistance—no longer passive but indeed become overt—is in one direction taking a form familiar during the World War, that is, the organization of foreign legions, chiefly in Poland under the leadership of General Vladislav Prchala, who earlier this year commanded Czechs resisting the Hungarian occupation of Carpatho-Ukraine. The implicit refusal of the Warsaw government to proscribe this legion (which is said to number more than 18,000) has heightened the fury of Berlin, whose attitude toward her eastern neighbor becomes more belligerent with every Polish reiteration, official and editorial, that she has no intention of relinquishing her treaty-guaranteed administration of her foreign affairs, or of her railroads, or is ready to cede the Reich a wide east-and-west strip through the Corridor.

The upshot of this dual grievance is that there are additional and realistic reasons to believe reports of a German late-summer mobilization against Poland or, plausibly, even a mid-summer mobilization (before the three-Power entente may materialize). In Czecho-Slovakia, in any event, a much stronger German tack is to be expected, if that is con-

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ceivable, to kill an irredentist movement that is no longer local in character. To that end, in mid-month, Heinrich Himmler, chief of all German police, was dispatched to Prague armed with Draconian orders from the Führer.

A CONNECTING LINK between the bickering of Moscow, London and Paris over the reëstablishment of the former Grand Alliance of 1914–17 and the activities of the Soviet Far Eastern Army now seems to have gradually emerged from the murk of the diplomatic fog. But while all eyes were centered on the negotiations, proposals and counter-proposals between the three 'peace front' Powers in Europe, few observers noticed the workings of the Anglo-Soviet negotiations in connection with the Far East. Two months ago it was known that the Soviet was more than irked at London for failure to include the Soviet Far East in any guarantee of defense against attack. For that reason, principally, the original Anglo-Soviet pact, as drawn up by Maxim Litvinov, since removed as Foreign Commissar, fell through. Moscow then advanced the proposal that the little Baltic States be included in the encirclement drive against Hitler. This suggestion again hopelessly snagged the negotiations, particularly since both Latvia and Estonia immediately signed a non-aggression treaty with Nazi Germany, while the Finns expressed the greatest alarm lest, through such a pact, they might be turned into either a northern battlefield between the Nazis and the Bolsheviks, or be engulfed by Russia on the pretense that Soviet troops had to move in to 'protect' that little Republic. All of the Balkan States, which at one time used to be a part of Tsarist Russia, have a greater fear of the Communists than of the Nazis.

Meanwhile, as the Soviet-British-French negotiations continue, the Soviet seems definitely more concerned with independent action in the Far East, which accounts for the reports of ever-increasing troop movements in that direction and the small news items of clashes. From these scattered items, some observers have drawn the conclusion that Moscow might in the end remain neutral in Europe, allowing the major Powers to destroy themselves in a senseless war, while the Soviet armies engage Japan on the plains of Manchuria and on the already blood-drenched battlefields of China.

Although Tokyo has given no indication that such a move on the part of the Soviets is feared at present, despite all the warning signs that point in that direction, it has become plain that Japan is endeavoring to bring about a peace in China as quickly as possible; a 'peace by force,' if necessary. Just how this could be accomplished has not been explained, but the Japanese press is beginning to talk hopefully of a cessation of hostilities in China by the end of next month, or September at the latest.

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If Tokyo can bring about a peace before the Russian war-machine in the Far East has been oiled and geared for an onslaught, it will mean that the inevitable Russo-Japanese war will be averted for the time being. For a peace in China will mean that the Japanese Army has reached its set goal—to provide a buffer in North and Western China between the rich industrial and agricultural sections of East China, now dominated by Japan, and the Soviets.

THERE IS AN INELUCTABLE MEANING to be read into the recent overtures of Pope Pius toward an accord among the Powers. It is that His Holiness, perhaps with logic in his special place in the world's affairs, is far more predisposed to the good fortunes of the Axis Powers than to a general settlement involving all the European nations. That conclusion would seem inevitable in light of the flood of Rome dispatches stating categorically that, while he most ardently desires a realistic peace, the Pontiff cannot sanction any pact to which Soviet Russia is a signatory. And Moscow, most certainly at this time, can scarcely be excluded from any practicable Pan-European peace pact.

It is well known that Premier Mussolini has made some sort of peace with the Bishop of Rome. *L'Ordre*, Paris conservative journal which is certainly not hostile to the Vatican, cites Catholic sources for its interesting assertion that an alarmed Duce 'through the channels of the ultra-Catholic aristocracy, urged the Vatican to attempt steps that might result in another Munich—but with other appearances. . . . He implored the Vatican to make this proposal on the ground that the Italian situation was tragic, liable to lead to anarchy and Communism.' The Pope consented to make these overtures but, in the opinion of the anti-Fascist *Giustizia e Libertà*, of Paris, they failed because of their excessive deviousness.

SURPRISE HAS BEEN EXPRESSED in many quarters that Hungary has not taken a bolder stand against Nazi infiltrations, a policy that might have been the part of political wisdom in view of the military fact that Hitler could overrun the country more or less at will. Now, however, due to the dramatic Nazi *coup* in capturing fifty-three seats in the parliamentary elections (an almost incredible increase of forty-seven), the Government appears to have awakened to its peril, however tardily. It is vigorously supporting a campaign denouncing the claims of the *Volksbund der Deutschen in Ungarn* (the League of Germans in Hungary) that the German minority numbers 600,000; exultant *Volksbund* propagandists, in fact, have laid claim to a population of 750,000 Germans in Hungary—now a familiar element in the Nazi technique regulating territorial acquisition abroad.

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To these assertions, the Government has replied that the official census accounts for not more than 478,000 Germans, or less than 5 per cent of the entire population. Moreover, the Teleki régime has at last overcome its reluctance to permit manifestations openly hostile to the Reich, and has sanctioned the distribution of pamphlets containing such assertions as this: 'We want no protectorate. We will not submit to foreign ideas, or become instruments of another nation's *Drang nach Osten*. The Government appeals for support from those untouched by hysteria.' Further evidence that the Government's attitude *vis-à-vis* Hitler is stiffening may be seen in its continued refusal to liberate Ferenc Szalasi, the Nazi leader, who has been labeled the 'Konrad Henlein of Hungary.' Finally, Foreign Minister Count Stephen Csaky, reversing the hush-hush policy of recent months, has flatly warned 'irresponsible elements in Germany against interfering in Hungarian domestic affairs.' The meaning of all this appears to be that a showdown is imminent. The times are not propitious for prophets, but in view of Germany's strangle-hold on Hungary's economic existence, the results of that showdown might safely be called obvious.

So far as the aforementioned census conflict is concerned, it is interesting to note an analogous situation existing between Germany and Poland. Interior Minister Wilhelm Frick scoffs at Poles claiming a minority strength of 1,800,000, and rather doubtfully concedes that it might number 113,000. The difference in the figures is such that it is reported Poland will soon denounce her 1937 treaty with Germany regulating treatment of their respective minorities.

RECENTLY GERMANY HAS CONCLUDED A PACT with Rumania providing for the Reich's collaboration in augmenting the production of Rumanian wood, and utilizing it for mechanical and chemical products. This means construction of forest roads and efficient organization of timber lands and factories. Thereafter, Rumania will export sufficient timber to fulfill the needs of the present German market. Although it may seem surprising at first glance that Greater Germany, with its new ample forests, should bother so much about the exploitation of Rumanian forests, which occupy only an area of seven million hectares, Germany's wood consumption for the last few years must be taken into consideration. Today, wood is the most important raw material in Germany; besides the normal use of timber in the construction and production of furniture and paper, it is now the base for hundreds of artificial products. People eat it, wear it and use it for making their cars run.

However, this is not the sole reason for the new pact, for the very terms of it indicate that it is expected to be a long-range operation.

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Similar efforts in Slovakia, which has better forests and is already under the Reich vassalage, would seem to be much more practical. But Germany ignores Slovakia for just that reason, and turns to Rumania because the latter is still, to some extent, outside her immediate sphere of influence. It is, in effect, another way of extending Germany's economic and political tutelage over Rumania. A series of commissions and sub-commissions has been created to guide the industries of this Balkan nation, and an influx of German officials into Rumania began months ago—all part of a long-range plan to install a planned economy in Rumania—planned according to the wishes of the Reich.

THE DECISION OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT to establish a Ministry of Information has provoked a droll amount of editorial hair-tearing and teeth-gnashing in the Reich, which since the advent of Hitler in 1933 has possessed in its Ministry of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda the world's most prolific distortion-mill. The day- and night-long antics of Dr. Goebbels, however, do not prevent his regimented press from viewing the British announcement with vehement expressions of horror and incredulity: perfidious Albion is again resorting to her old and artful tricks. The Berlin headlines wail of a 'British Ministry for War of Lies,' 'Northcliffe Again,' 'Desperate British War Measure,' *et cetera*. At the same time, Dr. Goebbels blithely continues his press and radio propaganda attacks on Poland, now reaching a pitch comparable to those launched against President Beneš last September.

Of course, there can be no serious objection to the German view that the new Ministry in London will disseminate propaganda—it will prove an extraordinarily inefficient department if it doesn't. But what taxes the reasoning faculties, in this weather, is the task of understanding the bitter Nazi complaint that here is a 'desperate British war measure'—even if that is so, the Reich is in time six years ahead of Britain and, in method, conceivably a century. Yet this seems to make no appeal in all logic to Dr. Otto Dietrich, who next to Goebbels is overlord of the German press. In a round-robin to the German press, this accomplished gentleman declares that 'it cannot be tolerated that under the guise of a misconceived freedom of the press, peoples abroad are incited, while our own press maintains strict discipline.'

In coupling freedom of the press with 'strict discipline,' the Herr Doktor is surely indulging in that rare commodity, Nazi humor.

A SPECTACLE SOMEWHAT SIMILAR to that of a rabbit defying a python is tiny Liechtenstein, emphatically opposed to annexation by Germany. The inhabitants of this little State, which is about the size of Staten Island, have already expressed in no uncertain terms their desire

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to remain independent and to maintain the economic treaties that bind it to Switzerland. Ninety-five per cent of the population actually signed a paper expressing this desire, a demonstration obviously aimed at Germany.

Recently an even more solemn ceremony took place in Liechtenstein on the occasion of the official entry of the new Prince, Franz Josef II—the first Liechtenstein sovereign to live in the country. The whole population turned out for this event and applauded vociferously when the young Prince took his oath of fidelity to the Constitution.

ON THE BRINK OF OUR DEADLINE, the British and Japanese are on the verge of a deadline themselves over a dispute at Tientsin that appears to have all the explosive potentialities of another 'Incident,' that familiar device beloved by *agents-provocateurs*. Behind their barricades, both sides are saying, in effect, 'Thus far you may go, and no farther.' The origin of the dispute—the British detention of four Chinese who, the Japanese declared, terrorized their puppet municipal administrators—has been forgotten in the fundamental issue of the rights of the Occidental Powers to any privileged status in China. Tokyo has adopted a strong stand, and blockaded the British and French concessions. The British are wary of establishing any precedent by 'appeasing' the Japanese, although the usually circumlocutory Mr. Chamberlain has conceded, in English that is stark for him, that the situation is 'obviously grave.' The Japanese demands are sweeping and unequivocal; they appear at this time to leave little room for adjustment by compromise. Their burden is that the Chinese automata of the Japanese must be given authority over all foreign concessions, and that the British must so revise their financial policy as to support the circulation of Japanese Federal Reserve notes. Apart from this, Tokyo demands 'much wider coöperation' from the British, and for all the vagueness of that demand, it is clear that the Japanese are saying to the Western Powers, explicitly, 'Your day of special privilege in China is over.'

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It may well be that Macedonian terrorists are preparing a second Sarajevo; Rumania and Bulgaria are still struggling to retain their freedom of action.

Where *the* Axes Cross

I. IMRO Resurrected

By Stoyan Christowe

THE signs are increasing today that the Macedonian terrorists collectively known as IMRO—Europe's most efficient band of political murderers—are the object of friendly overtures by Mussolini and Hitler, who propose to exploit them to intimidate Greece, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

The Macedonians are fond of saying that IMRO—the abbreviated name of the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization—never dies. Even when for all practical purposes it appears to be dead, it lives, they say, in the hearts and souls of the Macedonian people. What they really mean is that the idea of a free and independent Macedonia, of which IMRO is the violent and most effective expression, lives in their hearts and souls.

Five years ago I was present at the ostensible funeral of IMRO. I knew then that they (the Bulgarian army) were burying a living organism that had passed into a coma. And I knew, moreover, that one day that living corpse would rise from the grave to haunt the grave-diggers. It has already done so.

For the past five years the chief of IMRO, Ivan Mihailov, has been languishing in exile in arid Anatolia. All of his lieutenants were in jail in Bulgaria or in banishment in remote villages on the Black Sea. Mihailov was ailing, and the stifling Anatolian climate aggravated his condition, but no one would give him asylum elsewhere. Mussolini, who helped him materially when IMRO had more power in Bulgaria than the government itself, would have none of him. Hitler, who has characterized all Balkan revolutionaries as jabbering idiots and fanatics, also gave him the cold shoulder.

Suddenly, a few months ago, Mi-

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hailov's presence was reported in Poland. More recently he showed up in Nuremberg, Germany, where he still is, together with his chief aide, Yordan Tchkatrov, who, until a short time ago, was in jail in Bulgaria. Most of Mihailov's other lieutenants, those that were in jail, in banishment, or in hiding, have reappeared in the streets of Sofia. A telegram from Nuremberg from their chief exhorts them to carry on and informs them that he has concluded something 'very practical' with Hitler. Reports from Sofia, Bucharest, and other Balkan capitals state that the Macedonian revolutionary movement, dead for the past five years, has been revived.

II

Macedonia today stands divided in three parts, the largest being under Greece, the next largest under Yugoslavia, and the smallest, about one-eighth of the total area of some 12,355 square miles, under Bulgaria. The country, which for half a millennium had been a province of the Ottoman Empire, was thus divided in 1913, following the speedy defeat of Turkey by the Balkan allies. The Versailles treaties left it so divided.

These three parts IMRO aims to wrest from the countries which hold them and to erect them into a single independent State, with Salonika, on the Ægean, as the capital. None of the three countries would yield an inch of Macedonian territory to IMRO, or to one another, without bloodshed. And IMRO does not hope to wrest these territories from them through mass revolt, or by virtue of its own superior strength, but through terror, conspiracy and assassination—by precipitating, in other words, a Balkan, or possibly a European conflagration, after which Macedonia might emerge as an independent unit.

IMRO in its later stages, therefore, is more of a conspirant and political society than a national revolutionary organization relying for its strength and power upon a mass following. Most students of the question agree that the Macedonian aspirations toward ultimate independence are quite hopeless. However, in this respect the leaders of IMRO should not be accused of a failure to grasp realities. They, too, realize this, and from this springs their terrorist policy. It may seem a fanatic's dream, but everyone knows it was such a fanatic's act of terror that was the immediate cause of the last World War. And it was also an IMRO man who, in hopes of causing a European upheaval, murdered King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Louis Barthou of France in Marseilles, less than five years ago.

There was a day, and that was in Turkish times, when the Macedonian revolutionary organization did hope—and tried unsuccessfully—to win freedom and independence for the Macedonian people through a national uprising. Since then, however, conditions in the country have changed. Macedonia is criss-crossed with boundaries, many of its people have emigrated and their houses and lands have been taken over by Greek refugees from Asia Minor or by Serbian colonizers from Shumadia.

Despite this, Todor Alexandrov, the now legendary chief who revived the movement after the World War, sought to reëstablish IMRO as of old, with armed comitadji bands roving the mountains and engaging in skir-

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mishes with the soldiery and gendarmerie in order to prove to an indifferent Europe that the Macedonians, who for a generation before had struggled valiantly for their freedom, were not reconciled to their new Christian masters, and more than ever were determined to pursue the goal of independence. But the old-fashioned comitadjism, which worked effectively in Turkish times, proved ineffectual now. Alexandrov's bands were consistently exterminated. For the most part they only served to incur the wrath of Greek and Serb garrison commanders upon those peaceful communities which gave the comitadji bands food or shelter.

In defeated Bulgaria, which found it expedient for someone to dispute Belgrade's and Athens' jurisdiction over Macedonian territories (which Sofia claimed were inhabited by Bulgarians), and in Mussolini, who had his own grudge against Yugoslavia, Alexandrov found ready support for his IMRO. Ascetic in his personal life, austere, merciless, he rekindled the dying revolutionary fire. He was a strange combination of the visionary and the realist. No one knew better than he the scarecrow power of IMRO.

III

The organization, as its name indicates, is an internal one, that is to say, it was conceived to exist and operate within the boundaries of Macedonia. It was to derive its strength from the soil and people of Macedonia. Such was the pre-War IMRO. But the new IMRO was artificially maintained from Bulgaria, though it did have a claim to nationalism by virtue of its occupation, with Bulgaria's tacit approval, of the latter's slice of Macedonia. This of course made the existence of IMRO dependent upon Bulgaria's good-will. Because Bulgaria harbored the comitadjis, Greece and Yugoslavia considered her an accessory to every outrage committed in their territories by IMRO. They threatened to invade Bulgaria unless she curbed the terrorists. Since this represented a danger to Bulgaria's own sovereignty and independence, a movement was started in that country for friendship with Yugoslavia and for the complete suppression of IMRO. Alexandrov then began to lend a willing ear to such voices within IMRO as advocated affiliation with the Third International. Such a thing would move their organization to firmer ground. It was true that IMRO then would embrace the world revolution. But why not? The sovietization of the Balkan Peninsula, with Macedonia as an autonomous republic, seemed a happier solution in view of the present dismal prospects. If IMRO could not exist on its own soil as of old, if it had to accept the help of a foreign power, then why not that of the Soviet Union, and of the proletariat everywhere?

Alexandrov went to Vienna and negotiated terms with representatives of the Third International for IMRO's incorporation into that institution. But when he returned to Bulgaria with news of the new allies IMRO had made, his secretary, Ivan Mihailov, then scarcely twenty-seven, put insurmountable obstacles against the Left direction IMRO had taken. He adduced all the arguments about IMRO's nationalism and independence, and warned of consequences if

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the new policy were not immediately abandoned. These warnings were not coincidently sanctioned by the Bulgarian War Ministry. Alexandrov was forced to denounce the Vienna agreement and to disavow his signature to it.

But the Left trend had gained such headway within IMRO ranks and cadres that Alexandrov, in disavowing his signature, signed his death warrant. Shortly afterward, in August, 1924, he was murdered in Bulgarian Macedonia. The two actual assassins, with many others believed to be implicated in the crime, were killed by Mihailov. To this day, however, it still is a mystery as to who plotted the assassination. Mihailov blamed the Communists. The Communists claim that it was Mihailov who inspired the murder and then killed the real murderers before they could reveal the source of their orders.

IV

However that may be, Mihailov put on his shoulders the mantle of the murdered Alexandrov. He proved himself an even more brilliant conspirator, and a precocious child of terror such as the organization had never known. Quiet, scholarly, frail of body, he has the gift of eloquence. But threats of violence are his most eloquent arguments. Those of his colleagues or subordinates whom he could not convert by his oratory, he convinced by intimidation. He converted IMRO into a gang of terrorists and assassins, using methods not unlike those of American gangsters of the Prohibition era. Some of the older leaders of IMRO, those who had fought the Turks and knew an IMRO that had a certain dignity, showed their disapproval of the new tactics. Because of this, and other factors, there started within IMRO a war of mutual extermination.

Even Bulgaria, seeing these Macedonian assassins wantonly shooting one another in the streets of her capital and endangering the lives of her citizens, as well as her sovereignty and independence—for the threats of a Yugoslavian invasion became more acute with a new Balkan bloc aimed directly at Sofia—lost all patience with them. The Bulgarian army, which, because of treaty limitations, hitherto had protested helplessness to cope with IMRO, almost overnight became strong enough for the task. The army put into power a government friendly to Belgrade and hostile to IMRO, and then proceeded to liquidate IMRO. In less than a week, and without firing a single shot, the army stamped out IMRO, confiscated all its properties and arms, which the government itself had supplied, and jailed or banished all its members.

That was five years ago. And for five years IMRO remained in its grave or, as the Macedonians would have it, confined in the hearts and souls of the people. Now it has been resuscitated. In my opinion, Mussolini's occupation of Albania, more than any other single factor, is responsible for this swift revival of IMRO. Albania is contiguous with Macedonia, bordering on both the Greek and Yugoslav sections of it. The presence of Mihailovists has already been reported in Albania, and I hear that Mussolini will permit them to use Albania as a base for terrorist campaigns against Belgrade and Athens. I hear also, and from sources I have

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no reason to doubt, that Mussolini has even promised to erect Macedonia into an 'autonomous' State under his protection with Mihailov at its head. My own belief is that both Mussolini and Hitler have suddenly befriended the Macedonian terrorists because they might prove useful to them in exacting further economic and political concessions from Greece and Yugoslavia, as well as from Bulgaria.

Meantime IMRO, which once derived its strength from its own soil and its own inviolate independence, has degenerated into a quasi-professional terrorist association, jeopardizing and compromising a cause that has written some glorious pages in the history of modern-day liberation movements.

II. Rumania in Suspense

By A. R. L.

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

WHEN I inquired in Vienna whether I might still reserve a berth in the sleeper of the Arlberg express, I could see that the conductor felt like answering: 'Stupid question!'

Except for four German business men I was the only passenger. Freight cars shot past the windows: on the first one the word 'Austria,' on the second 'Czecho-Slovakia,' had been crossed out and the words *Deutsche Reichsbahn* had been painted over them. The events behind this eloquent change still reverberate through the entire East of Europe. They are responsible for the fact that the Orient express is empty and that the borders of Transylvania and the Dobrudja are guarded by several army corps.

But in Bucharest life goes on as pleasantly as ever. In the evening, when the sirens are sounded and the lights in the capital suddenly go out because of anti-air raid black-outs, the gypsy bands go on playing merrily. In the pitch-dark restaurants the pleasant chatter of the guests continues. The reason for this indifference lies less in an unshakable feeling of security than in the Rumanian character with its capacity for enjoying life. It finds a pretext for happiness in everything—even if it be only the flowering trees and the warm sun.

Yet right now the best minds of Bucharest are carefully weighing Rumania's situation in case of war. The lesson of the World War, when Rumania so promptly collapsed under the combined pressure of the Central Powers, no longer holds true. The Rumanian troops are comparatively well-armed today since the Army High Command has paid special attention to an increase in the firing power of the infantry. The idea of motorization has been abandoned, in view of the fact that the country's bad roads are, in a way, an asset, making it difficult for the enemy to launch a swift attack. When the Government, in the middle of March, decided to concentrate its reserves—the expression 'mobilization' being carefully avoided because of its provocative sound—organizational mistakes became apparent, which proved only too clearly how necessary is a dress re-

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hearsal for general mobilization. Even if a 'deconcentration' of several classes of reserves has been in process for some weeks, the General Staff has shown that it is quite immune to gullible optimism.

A defense of Rumania in the present political situation would be a tremendous task for the army. To be sure, in contrast to the other Balkan States, Rumania's almost circular borderline is very short—compared to her area. However, this ideal shape, conceded to her by the peace treaties which almost doubled her territory, has been offset by the hostility of three neighbors. Hungary's foreign policy was immediately concentrated upon the reclamation of Transylvania, and Bulgaria never relinquished her claim to southern Dobrudja, which had been wrested from her in 1913.

Of course, Russia, which had had to relinquish Bessarabia, gave up her revisionist claims when she signed the Kellogg Pact. Nevertheless, she is still looked upon with distrust. It seems hardly possible, except in an emergency, that Rumania would grant Russia the right to march her troops through the country, since the pillaging activities of the defeated Russian troops in Rumania during the World War are still well remembered. The Rumanian attitude resembles that of Poland; Rumania does not want Russian assistance to extend beyond the supply of arms. This has become an important factor since the Skoda concern, which was the chief purveyor of arms to the Balkans, has become German. Besides, Bucharest is afraid that a military guarantee would provoke Germany. This she wants to avoid under all circumstances. On the whole, however, the Russo-Rumanian relationship is such that Rumania feels no need to reinforce Bessarabia.

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Against Hungary's and Bulgaria's claims Rumania seeks to protect herself less by fortifications than by her foreign policy. The Little Entente was supposed to pacify Hungary, and the Balkan Pact was intended to keep Bulgaria quiet. With the Czecho-Slovakian debacle, the Little Entente, which was already riddled by special treaties, broke down completely. Protected in the rear by a long, common border with Germany, Hungary has now, with the incorporation of Carpatho-Ukraine, driven the encirclement of Rumania a step forward.

II

In the Balkan Pact we still find Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey aligned with Rumania. What will Yugoslavia's attitude be in case of conflict? A Rumanian politician answered this question with the following statement: 'Today the question is no longer whether Yugoslavia wants to help us, but whether she has retained her freedom of action.' Under Stoyadinovich, Yugoslavia wanted to pursue *Realpolitik*; following Poland's example under Colonel Beck, Yugoslavia made friends with her most powerful enemy—in her case, Italy. On Italy's advice, and contrary to her obligations resulting from the Balkan Pact, she came to an understanding with Bulgaria and Hungary. Having thus become 'neutralized,' she made it possible for Italy to occupy Albania. She is hardly in a position to refuse Italy the right to march through her territory against Rumania. In Bucharest, however, the question is asked whether Italy, due to the fact that she is already overtaxed in Ethiopia as well as on the Tunisian and Libyan borders, could still have enough troops left to threaten Rumania and Greece effectively from her new Albanian base.

Rumania is definitely betting on Turkey. In case of war Bucharest counts on an immediate Turkish attack on Bulgaria's rear. As a result, Bulgaria would no longer be able to use her entire army to attack Dobrudja, an attack which might lead to the conquest of the only Rumanian naval base, Constanza, and thus to a severing of Rumania from the Black Sea. More important, however—and this is the foremost difference between the position now and at the outbreak of the World War—is the fact that because of Turkey's friendship, the Dardanelles remain open. This alone gives to England's and France's guarantees a certain practical value, even though no immediate assistance is expected.

Before help from the west could arrive, Rumania could be attacked from the north by her most immediate enemy, Hungary, backed by the entire military power of Germany. The effectiveness of the Rumanian troops in Transylvania is weakened by the Carpathian mountains. Though, in a way, a safeguard, they cut off Transylvania and make reinforcements more difficult. Besides, a Bulgarian army, if it should succeed in crossing the Danube, could attack Rumania from the rear.

In any case, Rumania's position, even though not hopeless, is not secure enough for its Government to state its position clearly. King Carol is pursuing an adroit neutrality policy, faintly but unmistakably colored by a carefully disguised bias in favor of the Western Powers. He is careful to avoid having this bias, shared by the country in general, turn into any definite

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commitment. Following the Czecho-Slovak debacle, confidence in the Western Powers has been severely impaired in all of Eastern Europe; even the introduction of conscription in Great Britain could not quite make up for this feeling of distrust. Rumania is watching the behavior of England and France in the Danzig question with great suspense because here is the decisive character test for the Western Powers. The slightest gesture of retreat or indecision would again undermine all confidence not only in Rumania but in all the Balkan countries. It could easily become the signal for a general race on the part of all Eastern European States to come to an understanding with the Axis Powers, even though this understanding might bring about an actual German protectorate over Eastern Europe.

III. Bulgaria Watches the Scales

By Hugh Seton-Watson

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

BULGARIA is one of the States defeated in the World War, and feels that she has several injustices to be repaired. By the Treaty of Neuilly she lost to Yugoslavia the districts of Tsaribrod, Bosiliegrad and Strumitsa, taken to insure a strategic frontier for her neighbor. Rumania recovered Southern Dobrudja, Bulgarian until 1913 and inhabited by Bulgarians and Turks, but with very few Rumanians. Greece seized Dedeagatch and Eastern Thrace, thus depriving Bulgaria of all access to the Ægean Sea. The boom in Revisionism caused by the Munich dismemberment did not leave Bulgaria untouched. Demonstrations of patriotic organizations and of university students took place in the streets of Sofia.

Sofia itself is full of refugees from the unredeemed provinces, who number tens of thousands. Besides this a great number of discontented and ambitious intellectuals are concentrated in the capital. Among these people there is considerable sympathy for Fascist ideas. They hope with the help of the German army to revenge themselves on their neighbors, and not only to regain the territories lost in 1918, but to incorporate in Bulgaria the whole of Macedonia and the whole of Dobrudja up to the Danube Delta, including the chief Rumanian port of Constanza.

There is a great difference between Sofia and Bulgaria. Since 1923, when the Agrarian Government of Stamboliski was overthrown, Sofia has held undisputed sway over the country. During the 'Parliamentary' period the Bulgarian peasants were effectively disfranchised, and a number of parties, representing different personal cliques or different sections of the bourgeoisie of Sofia and a few other towns, fought each other in the Parliament, while the real power lay elsewhere. The rulers of Bulgaria were the so-called 'Macedonian Revolutionaries,' who, working closely with certain influential Bulgarian chauvinists and with the Italian Government, sent marauding bands into Yugoslavia and maintained a reign of terror in a large part

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of Bulgaria itself, murdering many people, both Bulgarian and Macedonian, whom they suspected of a desire for friendship with neighboring States or for a free democratic régime.

This state of affairs was ended on May 19th, 1934, when the retired Colonel Damian Veltcheff and the Officers' League, together with some civilian friends, overthrew the Government and established a dictatorship under Colonel Kimon Georgieff. The new Government forbade all parties, dissolved the Macedonian Organization, put an end to the Italophile policy and began to build up friendship with Yugoslavia. At the same time, it introduced social reforms and collaborated with the Agrarians. But the Government came into conflict with the Crown and was eventually overthrown. Veltcheff was imprisoned, and the country was ruled by bureaucrats enjoying the confidence of King Boris.

II

Bulgaria today is ruled by the King. The Prime Minister, M. Kiosseivanoff, is a former diplomat personally devoted to his sovereign, whose orders he carries out. After two years of personal rule the King decided to recreate Parliament. Elections were held in March, 1938, under a law by which no candidate might present himself as member of a party, but only offer a personal candidature. The deputies are mostly non-political local personalities, who loyally support the Government. But a certain number of known political personalities were elected, in spite of great pressure, and have formed an opposition coalition within the Parliament. Nine deputies, known as Left Agrarians or Communists, were excluded by majority vote. The Parliamentary debates have no importance, since the Government has all the power, but outside Parliament are certain political forces of importance.

One is the military group, which shares the ideas of the imprisoned Veltcheff of reconciliation with neighboring States, collaboration with the West and with Russia, and social progress at home. They have been forced by events into an anti-monarchical position. They have considerable influence in intellectual circles. A second is the Agrarian Party. Although unable to organize as they would like, and weakened by divisions among the leaders, the Agrarians undoubtedly have the support of the Bulgarian peasant masses, who still venerate the name of Stamboliski. The third factor is the Bulgarian Communists, who have the majority of the workers of the towns, and enjoy wide support in the villages. In 1932 the Bulgarian Labor Party (Communists) obtained in the municipal elections in Sofia an absolute majority over all other parties. Though rigorously repressed, they are well organized, and have great prestige among sections of the population who have no special sympathy with Marxist ideas.

King Boris is aware of these factors, and the internal and international situation oblige him to use great caution. His past history suggests that his sympathies are with the Axis. During the 'Parliamentary' period he did nothing to discourage the Macedonian terrorists, and by his marriage to Princess Giovanna of Savoy he showed his approval of the Italophile policy. In recent years he has allowed

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rapprochement with Yugoslavia, but this was mainly because German policy wished then to bring together the Southern Slav peoples in order to place them in the German camp. It is doubtful whether he has abandoned the aim, which his dynasty has always cherished, of a Great Bulgaria that should dominate the Balkan Peninsula. If the Axis were to use the present internal troubles of Yugoslavia to attack her, Macedonia might be divided between Italo-Albania and Bulgaria, which might also be promised later conquests at the expense of Rumania.

It is certain that in Yugoslavia no one has confidence in the treaty of 'perpetual friendship' signed between the two countries in 1936. On the other hand, the example of his father, who by his greed lost his throne, is constantly before the King's eyes, and he knows that his dynasty will not survive a second defeat. Their experience of the Germans in the World War has cured most Bulgarians of any desire to have them as allies a second time. Outside Sofia there are no Germanophiles. The Bulgarian people, like the Serbian, are devoted to Russia. It is felt that defeat in 1918 was a punishment for their ingratitude to Russia, which liberated them from the Turks, and that on no account must this mistake be repeated.

Historical feeling is reinforced by social motives. Terribly poor, suffering from agricultural over-population and under-employment, crushed by taxes, the peasants have reasons for discontent. Since the King has assumed full political power he has inevitably been considered responsible. The Bulgarian peasants have a strong feeling of brotherhood with the Serbs, and it is even felt by some that the existence of a dynasty imported from the West is the main obstacle to Southern Slav solidarity. This solidarity does not apply to Rumania, and most Bulgarians passionately desire the return of the 'Quadrilateral,' which not only has a Bulgarian majority, but is the natural hinterland of the port of Varna. At the same time the Bulgarian peasants have no desire for a war with Rumania, and if in a general war Rumania were defended by Russia, the loyalty of the mobilized Bulgarian peasants and workmen would be doubtful.

For these reasons the Bulgarian Government has not yet made up its mind. The weight of popular feeling in Bulgaria is on the side of those who resist German expansion. If agreement could be reached on certain simple problems between Bulgaria and her neighbors, it would be possible for the Balkan States to present a united front against foreign imperialism. Bulgaria will not coöperate unless she receives certain concessions, but she would be satisfied with very little. Balkan unity would be greatly to the advantage of Britain. The inactivity of British diplomacy in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia is discouraging to all friends of democracy.

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The well-known commentator looks at Europe nine months after Munich.

European Retrospect

By ROBERT DELL

Special Correspondence to *The Living Age*

WHEN I sailed from Le Havre for New York late last year, five weeks after the Munich capitulation, I left behind me a Europe which, if it did not completely share Mr. Neville Chamberlain's confidence that he had secured 'peace in our time,' at least hoped that war had been postponed.

The Europe to which I returned in May of this year had lost even that hope. The 'policy of appeasement' had failed disastrously, as even its authors were obliged to admit, people were expecting war to break out at any moment, and the principal European countries were already on a war footing. The war scare had made itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic, for on the *Champlain*, on which I crossed, there were only 136 passengers while the ship has accommodation for about a thousand.

I spent a few days in Paris before coming on to Geneva, as I had before I sailed in November. The atmosphere there was not at all the same in May as it had been six months earlier. The Munich Agreement had been received in France, as Léon Blum said in an article in the *Populaire* the day after it was signed, with mingled feelings of 'shame and cowardly relief.' By the end of October the shame had begun to outweigh the relief. The French people were profoundly humiliated. They felt in their hearts that France had lost her position in Europe and was on the way to becoming a third-class Power. The tributes of the press to the statesmanship of M. Daladier and M. Bonnet did not really convince them.

On the eve of Munich the morale of the French people had been excellent, particularly that of the army. The American and English newspapermen who visited the troops massed on the Alsatian frontier in September all returned with the report that their morale was remarkable. One of them told me that he asked some of the soldiers whether they were willing to fight for Czecho-Slovakia and they replied: 'We are not going to fight for

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Czecho-Slovakia; we are going to fight for France and Europe.' These young conscripts in their early twenties evidently had a better appreciation of realities than some of their elders.

There was no panic in France in September, but there had, according to all accounts, been something like panic immediately after Hitler's seizure of Bohemia and Moravia in March. The wildest rumors were circulated about Hitler's intentions—one of them was that he contemplated an immediate attack on Holland—and many people believed that France was directly menaced. It seemed to me, when I heard these rumors in America, that unless Hitler had gone stark mad, the idea that he would stop his march toward the East to make an attack on the West was absurd. Seeing that some of his best friends in Europe were in power in England, what possible motive could he have for taking any step that would inevitably lead to war between England and Germany?

II

I found Paris in May dull and depressing, but there was no sign of panic or even of fear. There were still people, some of them influential people, willing to make any concessions to Hitler to avert war, but they were a dwindling minority. They were, however, strongly represented in the press. Too many French newspapers, under the influence of M. Bonnet and, perhaps, other less avowable influences, were preaching peace at any price, but the attitude of the mass of the people seemed to be one of stoic resignation—it recalled to me those dark days of September, 1914, when I was in Paris during the Battle of the Marne and the fate of the city hung in the balance.

It seemed to me that the traffic was much less than it had been six months earlier. That may have been an illusion due to the fact that I was fresh from New York where the traffic congestion surpasses anything that I have ever seen anywhere else. In any case, it was clear that Paris was emptier than it normally is in May. A good many people not tied to Paris by their occupations had perhaps gone away and there were few tourists or provincial visitors. Most of the hotels and cafés, especially the cafés frequented by foreigners, were far from crowded, and the big shops were evidently doing very little business.

The dowdiness of the women struck me particularly. Perhaps this too was partly because I had just left the best-dressed city in the world, but certainly only to a very slight extent. It is true that for some time past the reputation of Parisian women for being well-dressed has been steadily declining. Geneva, for example, has long been superior to Paris in this respect. This is not because Parisian women have lost their taste, but because they are less well off than the women of Geneva, where the general standard of living is higher than in France. The present dowdiness of Paris is no doubt a symptom of poverty.

How can the standard of living in France be anything but low? I soon learned from my personal observation that general prices in Paris were at least 25 per cent higher in May than they had been in November, and wages and salaries have not risen at

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all. A stenographer in Paris is lucky if she gets more than 1,000 francs (barely $27) a month—many get less—and the very highest salary paid to private secretaries with a knowledge of languages is 2,000 francs a month. Shop assistants are even worse paid. The cost of living is still much lower than in New York but the difference is nothing like as great as the difference in salaries.

The political situation in France is most unsatisfactory. Parliamentary government, as everybody knows, has been for all practical purposes suspended until next November. Although Parliament still meets, the Government has almost unlimited powers of legislating by decree without consulting it. M. Daladier is credited, rightly or wrongly, with the intention of prolonging the life of the present Chamber of Deputies for two years to avoid a general election next spring. During the Great War the life of the Chamber elected in 1914 was prolonged, but the law prolonging it was passed by the Chamber itself and most constitutional authorities considered it to be a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the French Constitution. Such a step taken by government decree might well be the beginning of the end of the parliamentary system.

III

In England the parliamentary system is visibly on the decline. The House of Commons has no longer any initiative and is reduced to the function of registering or refusing to register the decisions of the government. The French Chamber of Deputies at least controls its own agenda, whereas that of the House of Commons is controlled by the Government. The most ominous symptom in England is the growing tendency of the majority of the electors to abstain from voting in elections. At three by-elections held on May 17, two in London and one in Birmingham, less than two-fifths of the electors voted and the aggregate poll was 36 per cent less than at the General Election in 1935. The Government vote dropped by 42 per cent and that of the Opposition by 17 per cent. No doubt the feebleness of the Labour Party, which is the chief Opposition Party, and the incompetence of its leaders go far to account for this. Thousands of electors in every constituency have lost confidence in the Government for which they voted in 1935 but they think, with reason, that the Labour Party is not fit to be entrusted with the task of governing, and that opinion is evidently shared by some of its former supporters.

This is a serious state of affairs which, if it continues, may end in the complete discredit of parliamentary government. It creates conditions favorable to a Fascist or quasi-Fascist movement, and I am convinced that democracy is in danger both in England and in France. In France the power of organized labor has been broken and the trade unions have lost about two million members—40 per cent of their membership—since the stupid and disastrous attempt to make a twenty-four hour strike as a demonstration. The Radical-Socialists are discredited by their alliance with the Center and the Right, the Socialist Party is divided into four warring sections and appears to be in a state of decomposition, and of all the parties of the Left only the Communist Party holds its own.

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Geneva is even more dull and depressing than Paris, but for different reasons. What made Geneva interesting was the League of Nations and the League is in a state of suspended animation. The Press Room in the League building, when I visited it for the first time, had the atmosphere of a tomb. Nearly all the leading newspapermen have left Geneva, for no newspaper or agency thinks it worth while to keep a staff correspondent any longer in a place that has ceased to be a news-center of any importance. My own connection with Geneva will come to an end before long. At the moment of writing there is a temporary revival. More special correspondents have come here for the present session of the Council of the League of Nations than we have had for a long time past. They came, not for the session itself, but for the negotiations that were expected about the inclusion of the Soviet Union in the 'peace front.' There have been no negotiations and the matter will be decided in London. At the time of writing it looks as though Neville Chamberlain will be obliged to climb down and agree to a pact of mutual assistance with Russia.

If a really strong combination to resist aggression is formed, it is possible that the League may be revived. Its machinery is still intact and it can be revived at any moment if the British and French Governments so will. They have deliberately set it aside and reduced it to impotence because an active and effective League of Nations was incompatible with the 'policy of appeasement.' Hitler and Mussolini wish to destroy the League of Nations and could be 'appeased' only by agreements made outside it.

The Secretary-General of the League, M. Joseph Avenol, has actively supported the policy of the British and French Governments. He took the initiative in arranging for the transference of the headquarters of the League to Vichy in the event of war. The report that the Swiss Federal Government had asked for the removal is entirely without foundation. M. Avenol proposes, if war breaks out, to retire to Vichy with a few chosen officials of the Secretariat as disloyal to the League as he is, and to send the rest of the officials to their respective countries.

In my opinion, the chances are ten to one against war in the near future. If a really strong and effective 'peace front,' including Soviet Russia, is formed, the chances are ten to one that Hitler will keep quiet. In the opposite alternative he will do as he likes without war. The chief danger is that he may not believe in the determination of the British and French Governments to resist him, but at the time of writing that danger seems to be diminishing. Since the British and French Governments began to show signs of firmness, both Hitler and Mussolini have moderated their ardors. Mussolini is not in a position to make war—he would probably tumble down if he did—and Hitler must know that he would not have the least chance of victory in a war against England, France, Russia, Poland and several other smaller States.

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Three articles by an Englishman, a Frenchman and a German dealing with the intricacies of war in the ether.

Radio Reportage

I. England Fights Back

By L. Marsland Gander

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

THE effectiveness of broadcasts from one country to another does not depend entirely on the number of transmitters or on their power. Geographical situation and the nature of the bulletins sent out are also important factors.

Nevertheless, judging solely from the viewpoint of 'first line' facilities for broadcasting, as they appear on paper, Germany has a marked advantage over Great Britain or France taken individually. Together Britain and France probably have a slight superiority.

I use the expression 'first line' strength because there is no doubt that in an emergency the various countries of the world would press into propaganda service all other available transmitters at present used for telephone transmissions. There are 13 transmitters at Rugby, including one using 1,000 kilowatts, which is the most powerful in the world. But Empire and world communications must be maintained and it seems equally possible that Rugby will be heavily overburdened. The conduct of a future 'war on the air' is unpredictable. It has been suggested that in war time use of private wireless receivers may be prohibited in belligerent countries, but the advantages of broadcasting for giving air raid warnings and disseminating official information are so great as to make this course unlikely.

Including the recent acquisition of Prague, Germany now has ten 100-kilowatt stations in the medium wave band. The British Broadcasting Company, on the other hand, has only one 100 kilowatt station and six other stations using a power of 70 kilowatts each. The B.B.C. is building another high power station at Start Point and both London and North Regional are to be reconstructed and increased in power.

Judging on this basis of 'first line' power, France is also in a distinctly better position than Britain on medium waves. Three French stations use a power of 120 kilowatts, and there

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are three others on 100 kilowatts. In the long wave band Britain has a superiority, for Droitwich, using 150 kilowatts, is more powerful than the Deutschlandsender (60 kilowatts) or Radio Paris (80 kilowatts).

On short waves, used for transmissions to the distant countries of the world, the disparity between British and German facilities is not quite so marked. Zeesen has eight transmitters used for broadcasting; Daventry five high-power transmitters and three on lower power in reserve. The B.B.C. claims, however, that all-round reception of Daventry is equal to that of Zeesen. The Paris short-wave station (Paris Mondial) has four transmitters.

As to languages, Paris Mondial uses French, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, and Arabic. Germany uses, on short waves, English, German, Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese. Recently, in answer to the B.B.C. German broadcasts, Hamburg and Cologne began to send out nightly news bulletins in English on medium waves, and Arabic transmissions, on short waves, are likely to be started shortly.

The B.B.C. is using English, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Arabic, and recent rapid expansion of the staff at Broadcasting House foreshadows an increase in the amount of time devoted to some of these languages.

British and French authorities both consider that the best material for bulletins in foreign languages is 'straight,' impartial news. German bulletins consist largely of extracts from the world Press favorable to Germany and the Nazi régime. Attacks on the Jews recur from time to time.

There is not the slightest doubt that B.B.C. bulletins are widely heard in Germany. Numerous Germans have asked B.B.C. not to start the program with the pealing of 'Big Ben,' because this well-known sound makes it easy for the Gestapo to find out who is listening. Mr. Malcolm Frost, B.B.C. Director of Overseas Intelligence, has built up an elaborate organization for the purpose of publicizing the B.B.C. foreign language services and to study the effect of the transmissions. Thousands of printed programs and booklets in Spanish, Portuguese, English and Arabic are sent out every week to newspapers, universities, schools, banks and hotels throughout the world. A thousand B.B.C. observers widely scattered in the service area report on reception and the program material.

Every comment in a foreign newspaper on the broadcasts is noted and filed at Broadcasting House. B.B.C. officials have visited Portugal and South America to obtain first-hand information on reception.

To include Germany in such a publicity system is difficult, but numerous independent letters received from German listeners are sufficient testimony to their appreciation. Many of these letters have been sent through Holland or Switzerland.

A B.B.C. analysis of reports sent in from all parts by its 1,000 observers on the reception of Daventry showed that 54 per cent of its short-wave transmissions were excellent in quality, while only 39 per cent of Zeesen's broadcasts were received equally well. Another inquiry as to which short-wave stations were preferred in India showed Daventry as first, Eindhoven (Holland) second, and Zeesen third.

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B.B.C. bulletins are frequently accused of dullness but as long as they maintain the present reputation for accuracy they will be a more powerful influence in the world than some of the bulletins of foreign Powers.

II. Radio Forgery

By Joseph Drieu

Translated from *Je Sais Tout*, Paris Scientific Monthly

A WORLD now conditioned to, and suspicious of, international radio propaganda is apparently soon to be confronted with detecting—if it can—a novel and far more dangerous form of distortion over the ether waves. This distortion, potentially capable of launching world wars overnight or, say, of creating panics on stock exchanges, is now possible because means have been found—but kept secret—of piecing together phrases from totally unrelated phonograph records of a given speaker's addresses.

It requires little imagination to foresee the use that might be made of such voice forgeries in, for instance, actions for slander or breach of promise. Even graver are the consequences that might follow on a successful attempt to forge the speaking voice of a prominent public man.

Never a week goes by in which the editors of daily newspapers do not receive false news based on words alleged to have been used by the heads of foreign Powers, either in private conversation or in secret council. What exactly did Herr Hitler say to Colonel Beck? What claims did Signor Mussolini outline before the Fascist Grand Council? What promises has General Franco made concerning the independence of Spain? Did Mr. Roosevelt really say that the boundaries of the United States are in France? Everyone knows that such conversations can be the direct cause of either peace or war, and that especially during a time of crisis like the present, a false report spread abroad with malice may well push the world over the edge of the abyss.

In a secret and well-equipped laboratory, sound recordings are taken of every one of the numerous speeches by public men broadcast by radio. In this way it is possible to build up a stock of film thousands of feet long, recording the voices of men in positions of responsibility, whether democratic leaders or dictators. On these recordings, which look to a layman like a series of jagged waves outlined in black on the film, it is easy for experts to recognize any one of the three-hundred-odd 'phomena' which go to make up the expression of all normal spoken language. (A 'phomenon' is a term used to cover any one of the elements of speech—vowels, consonants, diphthongs or syllables.)

In the course of any one of M. Daladier's speeches, for instance—even one of his most pacific speeches—it would be possible to find words or syllables that could be reshaped to form a declaration capable of causing the gravest international difficulties. The declaration would be a complete forgery, of course, but it would be made up of actual sounds uttered by

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M. Daladier. And the same thing might also happen, of course, to Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Roosevelt.

The secret is that film can be cut up just like paper, and can be stuck together again. A word is taken here, a word there. And when the exact word is missing, it is put together from individual syllables. The jointures are achieved by enlarging the ticklish passage, by working on it infinitely carefully with a drawing-pen or a fine paint-brush, and then reducing it once more to its original size. It is a job requiring the most meticulous accuracy—but what would it not be worth to certain people to be able to prove that M. Daladier has said: 'We are about to occupy Spanish Morocco;' or that Mr. Chamberlain has declared: 'We are organizing an economic blockade of the Reich;' or that Mr. Roosevelt has admitted: 'We have a secret treaty with China against Japan?'

The 'proof,' moreover, would be all the more convincing in that the voice would be indisputably genuine, and that the person accused could not possibly deny the sound of his own speech. It would only need a cleverly presented broadcast of this false collection of genuine elements in order to create the *casus belli* for which, it may be, certain folk are ready and waiting.

'But,' you will say, 'the words of which the forgers have got possession are taken from public speeches made, maybe, in the open air or in vast halls, while the compromising phrases could only have been spoken in the course of a private conversation or at a small gathering. Surely a man does not speak in the same way when he is speaking in a small conference-room, and when he is addressing an audience of five thousand people?'

That is true indeed; but science has foreseen everything. Electric filters have been devised whereby the tone of a man's voice can be deadened so as to make it sound as if he had been speaking confidentially, taking part in a dialogue or addressing a small gathering of people—such as a Cabinet Council. It is even possible to superimpose outside noises which will make the forgery more plausible, to slow down the delivery or speed it up as may be desired.

Well, we have been warned. Already false news in print has done sufficient harm. We must now be on our guard against the new tricksters of speech.

III. Poison from Abroad

By Major Martin

Translated from The *Sirene*, organ of the German Air-Raid Precaution League

[*Although the German radio was the first to utilize foreign language propaganda—for instance, during the occupation of the Sudetenland—the German press resents the fact that other countries have followed suit.*]

THERE they sit at their radios, these ultra-smart German burghers, and listen to news from foreign stations broadcast in German. Not only are they not ashamed—they actually exhibit a certain stub-

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born pride. Above all, they are proud to have 'got' a foreign station so clearly on their receiving set; then they swell with pride at the thought of being able to retail news from abroad to their friends and acquaintances. It is all so interesting—this news that they hear and, of course, not a word of it appears in the German press! 'Much of it is sure to consist of lies,' the burgher says to himself, 'but there must be some fire where there is so much smoke.' That comment marks him as a fit germ-carrier—the kind so dearly loved by the intellectual poisoners from abroad.

It is time that the German people develop their defenses against this suicidal attitude. They ought to know these two relevant facts:—

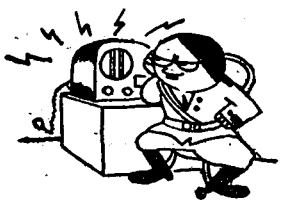
1. German-language news broadcasts from foreign stations are deliberately calculated to weaken the moral force of the German nation. The very fact that such news services have been created betrays the firm purpose of applying this weapon of intellectual poison against Germany without scruples.

2. The news that is broadcast is, in form and content, adapted to the German mentality. Full account is taken of the German predilection: 'Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire! . . .'

Foreign news services operate in general as follows: first news is broadcast which is found also in the German press. This gradually builds up the authority of the foreign station. These poisonous transmitters also broadcast news taken in part from German publications. They are blue-penciled and distorted, but reference is always made to the German source. Thus advantage is taken of the fact that but a few German listeners will have the time or the inclination to verify the dispatches.

It is about time that the German people gathered their strength and branded such brazen poison plots as useless! The German is clean by nature; he does not care to touch filth and dirt. Should it not be just as much against his nature to descend time and again into this mental latrine with his ears and with his spirit? Whoever spreads such news attacks his own people! He bears the mark of the traitor on his brow.

There is no doubt that in any future war propaganda will be an important weapon. In the case of an undisciplined nation this danger will be all the greater since news from the enemy can be carried into the very heart of the country by the airplane to an undreamt of extent. Thus defense against these 'bombs for the minds' must be built up in every single house. The slightest lack of confidence must be nipped in the bud. An incendiary bomb landing on the roof of an apartment house is not nearly so dangerous as the spark of suspicion kindled in the heart of a gullible and pusillanimous man.



—*Ordre*, Paris

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Will the British Labour Party be able to heal the rift within its ranks in time for the next General Election?

Labour Party's Fifth Crisis

By J. T. MURPHY

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Independent Monthly

THE expulsion of Sir Stafford Cripps and several of his prominent supporters from the Labour Party is bringing to a head a crisis which has existed in the labor movement for some considerable time. It is not too much to say that this crisis is different, in its character and circumstances, from any the Labour Party has yet experienced.

For insisting that the most vital issue of current politics, the point of view of the minority on the Executive, should be presented to the members, Sir Stafford has been expelled. Regarding the situation as serious, he issued a petition to the people, both in the Labour Party and outside its ranks. The petition is to be presented to the leaders of the progressive parties at the completion of a great campaign. It calls on them to form at once a progressive alliance, with a view to conducting a joint opposition to the National Government, aiming at replacing it with an alternative government committed to a clearly defined and limited program of home and foreign policy.

The content of these proposals was rejected by the Executive of the Labour Party as emphatically as was the procedure taken by Sir Stafford. They have rejected all 'entangling alliances' and have adopted the policy of 'Socialism or nothing.' Such are the outstanding features of the crisis.

Although the Labour Party is comparatively young, it has had to face four major crises in the course of its history. The first was on the outbreak of war in 1914, when Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden and other leaders of the Independent Labour Party, which then held the hegemony in the Labour Party, refused to coöperate with the Government of the day, and the leadership passed into the hands of Messrs. Arthur Henderson and J. R. Clynes.

The second was the prolonged crisis following the war and ending in the Labour Party Conference of 1923. It had then to choose between revolu-

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tionary Socialism and Reformism. Under the direction of Mr. Sidney Webb, with Messrs. MacDonald and Snowden back at the helm, it denounced all revolutionary doctrine and intention and announced a program based upon the 'inevitability of gradualism.'

The third crisis followed hard on the heels of the General Strike in 1926. The whole Labour Movement became committed to the policy of 'collaboration in reconstruction,' expressed especially in the Mond-Turner agreements between the trade unions and the employers' federations, and the rupture of trade union relations with the unions of the Soviet Union. This was accompanied by the ruthless expulsion of the Communists and their sympathizers from the ranks of the Labour Party and the trade unions.

The fourth crisis fell upon it in the great economic slump of 1931. With the fall of the Labour Government the leaders, Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden and Thomas, left the Labour Party and joined forces with the Conservatives and some Liberals in the formation of the National Government.

II

Viewing these events in retrospect, the Labour leaders usually come to very self-satisfied conclusions on the grounds that, despite the crises, and right up to the time of the second Labour Government, they had witnessed the disintegration of the Liberal Party and a great growth in the voting strength of the Labour Party. The fact that since then, in the last two general elections, it did not poll so high a vote, or secure as many seats in Parliament as in 1929 is regarded with considerable complacency. It is explained that the circumstances were extraordinary. The Party had been deserted by its most outstanding leaders, and it must have time to recover. It would then resume its onward march and continue its progressive sweep toward a majority.

But every published analysis of the trends of public opinion during the subsequent years right up to the most recent by-elections shows that it has neither attained the level of its 1929 vote, nor the remotest prospect of achieving an absolute majority for its 'Socialism or nothing' program should there be an election within the next twelve months.

It is strange, therefore, that the leaders of the Labour Movement, who, through all their years of leadership, have always relegated their Socialism to some 'far-off divine event,' and in practice have consistently held their members to the grindstone of practicability and immediate reforms, should, at this hour, suddenly be transformed into the devotees of an impracticable 'Socialism or nothing' attitude.

Although it would be a great mistake to underestimate the growth of Socialist opinion in this country, it is a far greater mistake to underestimate the deep-rooted Liberal radicalism of the people, especially when all the forces of reaction of our time are combining to destroy it. It is a still greater mistake not to recognize that in these days it is not merely the *hopes* of Socialists which are threatened, but the *actualities* of Liberalism—the democratic gains of a century of struggle.

The Labour leaders appear to have completely overlooked these essentials

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of the situation. They have dealt with the new agitation as if it were nothing other than a repetition of their previous controversies with 'Left' Socialists. But it is one thing to expel the 'Left' for its Socialism; it is quite a different thing to expel a Socialist for his Radicalism at a time when the issue, dominating the minds of a radical people, is the danger that all their radical gains may be submerged by Fascist tyranny.

To put through Parliament a complete Socialist program—*i.e.*, the socialization of the means of production—the Labour Party needs an absolute majority over all other parties. And this they have not taken the trouble to show they can secure. They have not answered analyses with counter-analysis, but with the affirmation of a *belief* in the possibility of gaining the majority they desire, and a denunciation of those who differ from them as 'pessimists and defeatists.'

Yet, when the very existence of the democratic institutions by which they hope to obtain power is threatened, the time factor is all-important. And it is precisely this fact of urgency, and the nature of the threat to democracy, which has swung the 'Left' Socialists, such as Cripps, as well as Communists and Liberals, into line. This is not because the Socialists and Communists have abandoned Socialism, or that they now regard it as synonymous with the democracy we have. On the contrary, it is that both Socialists and Liberals recognize they have a common interest in standing together against a common danger which threatens their mutual existence.

The conversion of Transport House to 'Socialism or nothing' would be calamitous, were it true. The fact is, however, that the new gospel is being used only as a verbal justification for refusing to form a progressive alliance, and not as a guide to action to secure Socialism in anybody's time. For eighteen months the Labour Party supported the non-intervention policy of the Government in regard to Spain. When it was driven into the position of repudiating this policy it refused to take common action with others against the Government. It criticized the Government for non-coöperation with the Soviet Union, but its own unions refused to coöperate with the Soviet trade unions. It criticized the Government with regard to its policy on Czecho-Slovakia, but capitulated on the fateful Wednesday when Mr. Chamberlain went with a free hand to Munich, and resumed its criticism only after the damage had been done.

III

Although it has repeatedly criticized the Government's foreign policy, at no time has it taken any steps to mobilize such opposition, either inside or outside the House of Commons, as would be calculated seriously to disturb the Government. It withdrew its opposition to rearmament without securing guarantees, either with regard to foreign policy or the limitation of the profits of the armament manufacturers. It accepted 'National Service,' which meant much closer collaboration with the Government, on the ground that they were 'preserving the voluntary principle.' It is now protesting against the introduction of conscription, and even as it protests, it 'accepts conscription as a fact' and proceeds to direct attention to the need for reforming the conditions

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under which conscription is being applied.

On these day-to-day issues, therefore, the Labour leaders have played the rôle of a 'loyal opposition,' a kind of devil's advocate providing opportunities for words—a safety-valve for protests. The logic of this policy leads, not merely to Mr. Morrison appearing on the same platform as Sir John Anderson, but to Labour entering the Chamberlain Government. It only needs the sharpening of the international situation, and a greater imminence of war, for them to be on the threshold of Downing Street, not as the contributors of an alternative policy to that of Mr. Chamberlain, but as his henchmen. Then there will be no more of 'Socialism or nothing.'

Thus this slogan and the revolutionary speeches of the leaders of Labour, responsible for the expulsion of Sir Stafford Cripps and for opposition to progressive unity, turn out to be the old familiar camouflage of politicians shirking the responsibilities of power and retreating before reaction. It was thus that the Socialist and Labour leaders of Italy paved the way to the triumph of Mussolini when Turati talked of 'letting the capitalists stew in their own juice.' It was thus the Socialist and Labour leaders of Germany refused the unity of the progressives and paved the way to the triumph of Hitler. Fascism does not conquer until the Labour Movement of a country has first defeated itself.

But the final stage has not yet been reached, although the issue has been joined. The campaign launched by Sir Stafford Cripps has certain unique features. Although the platform bears all the characteristics of domesticity, and much recruiting of members of the Labour Party is being done, it would be a mistake to think that the matter ends there. In the constituencies, campaign committees are being formed which include Labour, Liberal, Communist and non-party people, who are conducting the house-to-house canvass for signatories to the petition.

If the Labour Party Executive proceeds to disaffiliate local Labour parties and to expel candidates who support the course taken by Sir Stafford, then there may be a quick breakdown of the present reluctance to face the prospect of disaffiliation. Another factor in the situation is the number of prominent men and women of all parties who have been proclaiming the urgency of progressive unity. Since the expulsion of Cripps there has been a strange silence in their ranks, as if all were waiting for the 'domestic quarrel' in Labour's ranks to cease before entering the arena again. This lull cannot last. Indeed, it is already passing. The moment they line up collectively with the unity groups now forming in the constituencies, the Labour bureaucracy will be faced with a much greater problem than that of the disciplining of prominent members.

That has ceased to be the main issue. It is now a question of whether the Labour leadership is to be permitted, in the history of Britain, to repeat the fatal mistake of their colleagues of Germany and Italy. And that is not a question which can be formally relegated to a Labour Party Conference. The crisis in the Labor Movement today is nothing other than the crisis of democracy.

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Franco faces a nation in ruins; Portugal veers toward the Axis, while Italians openly resent the Nazi influx.

Tale *of* Two Peninsulas

I. Spanish Reconstruction

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

THE Spanish Nationalists have held their victory parade through the streets of Madrid. Henceforth, it is to be presumed, they will settle down to the work of reconstruction. For two years and nine months they have been engaged in a campaign which has destroyed much of their country. They are now faced with an even harder task.

Up till the end of 1938 the Nationalists' conquests were gradual, and it was not difficult to absorb the conquered people into the organized system which had grown up behind the lines. But the rapid fall of Catalonia and subsequently of southern Spain confronted them with a problem which defies immediate solution. Although these two zones cover less than a third of the area of Spain they contain nearly half the population, and it is generally believed that they fell into General Franco's hands much earlier than he had expected, and certainly before his organization for their supply and reconstruction was complete.

The first and most urgent problem is that of food supply. The ration in Republican Spain was whittled down month by month until it reached less than half a pound a day, consisting of three and a half ounces of bread with beans, lentils, or rice. The fighting forces very occasionally received an ounce or two of meat or dried codfish. Clearly a victor who wishes, as General Franco has said, to 'convince as well as conquer,' must begin his persuasive overtures upon the stomachs of the vanquished.

When it became obvious that the Republicans were doomed to defeat, their Government released many of the food reserves, so that the invading forces were faced with a completely empty larder. One of the first steps of the Nationalists was to rush in large supplies of food to Barcelona and Madrid, but the task of feeding regularly and continuously from the resources of an impoverished Spain the 4,000,000 inhabitants of these two cities alone is overwhelming.

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The cities suffer more than the countryside under present conditions. Let us picture one of them. The streets are emptier than is usual in a Spanish town. Not a single shop is open, and the only crowds are those of the food queues. There is little traffic in the roadway, for no private cars are allowed to circulate. The only vehicles are ramshackle lorries carrying Government supplies or unshaven soldiers. The roadway itself, though it has well stood the strain of two odd years of war, is now worn into potholes, because there is no material or labor to repair them. The grass plots in the boulevards have almost disappeared from lack of care, and look at best like badly worn carpets. Every second or third tree has been cut down for firewood and its uttermost roots have been grubbed up. Everything is covered with dust, and every house is devoid of windows and badly in need of a coat of paint. Here and there a house has disappeared altogether under an air raid, and its neighbors are twisted and disheveled.

It is reckoned that a third of Madrid has been completely destroyed and a third damaged by shell fire. Barcelona suffered less as a city, but its magnificent port has been completely destroyed, as have those of all the coastal cities from Cartagena to the French frontier. Many inland towns have been almost completely destroyed, and a number of the main roads are impassable because the bridges were destroyed by the Republicans in their retreat. It was two months after the fall of Catalonia before the vital main road from Barcelona to the French frontier could be opened to traffic.

The material means of reconstruction are lacking. One of General Franco's first orders on entering a city has been that the former owners of industry should at once retake possession of their businesses and begin working as soon as possible, but very few of the factories are in a state to resume work. In some all the machinery was destroyed in the early days of the movement in 1936, in others it has been ruined through the ignorance of the syndicalist committees which took over operation from the original owners or managers.

It was natural that toward the end of the war there should be a rush to pay old debts in the depreciated Republican currency, with the result that most merchants and industrialists now find their safes and bank accounts loaded with this worthless money, and nothing else. One of the Generalissimo's greatest problems will be to handle this currency situation in such a way that these merchants may be put into a position to buy the necessities for operating their businesses. With foreign trade the situation is equally difficult, as 'Franco money' itself will take some time to find its exchange level.

II

Perhaps one of the most difficult problems is in the educational sphere. A large majority of university professors and schoolmasters were adherents of the Republican cause, and are now either in exile or in jail. It seems as if education must fall back into the inadequate hands of the Church. Yet General Franco's administration fully realizes the necessity of education, and that the lack of it has been one of the causes of Spain's oft-repeated tragedies.

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If General Franco has material obstacles to overcome in rebuilding a Spain 'United, Great, and Free,' he faces even bigger difficulties in the moral sphere.

By his Decree of Unification, which abolished all political parties in the country in favor of the single organization, the Falange Española Tradicionalista, General Franco placed the lid on the Spanish cauldron; but its contents are still seething. Apart from the few million Republicans recently incorporated in Nationalist territory, the forces of the Right are sharply divided. It can hardly benefit Spain to pretend, as, officially, it is pretended, that a working compromise has been found between the Monarchists, Fascists, Traditionalists, and others who supported General Franco in war. The truth is rather that those groups agreed—and to a surprising extent honored their agreement—to sink their differences for the duration of hostilities; and that the time has now come for the rulers of Spain to find a more permanent basis for coöperation.

Such is the prevailing state of indecision that intrigue and rancor are now more rife than in the darkest moments of the civil war. Unless resolute leadership is forthcoming now, political animosities which have been suppressed for nearly three years must explode with devastating violence.

The political forces of the Old Spain are waiting in the background. The Traditionalists, who advocate a return to Catholic Monarchy unrestricted by the innovations of democracy, are scarcely a political group in the modern sense of the word. Their program sounds strangely archaic in a country torn by the twentieth-century creeds of Communism and Fascism, and their representatives, Count Rodezno in the Cabinet and Fal Conde in the country, live in partial retirement. They act, not as an executive force, but as an invisible Second Chamber, a check on Fascist excesses. They are profoundly shocked by the neo-paganism of Nazi Germany, to which even Roundhead England is thought to be preferable. Torn between the dissident and the Devil, they have little difficulty in making their choice.

The Monarchists, former adherents of the conservative Renovacion Española, have lost all their independent political organizations and have been relegated, for the moment, to a relatively unimportant position in the civil administration, although they can count on the majority of the trained civil servants. Their devotion to King Alfonso, their lukewarm acceptance of totalitarian methods, and their reluctance to blow up the bridges over the Bidassoa expose them to easy criticism. Their great strength lies in the Army, where they enjoy the sympathy of many high officers, who have searched in vain for wisps of meaning in the torrent of Fascist oratory. But one of the surprising features of the Spanish Civil War has been the apparent inability of the officer caste to affect the course of internal policy.

III

The great unknown quantity in contemporary Spain is the Falange Española. This body, founded by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, began as a small group of militant Fascists, led by a handful of young doctrinaires. At the outbreak of war it flung open

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wide the gates of membership and grew enormously; everybody who had been nothing in particular before, and a great many who had reason to fear for having been something in particular, entered its ranks.

The Old Guard of the Falange, the pre-war kernel of the party, is a stormy, intransigent element, well represented in the party hierarchy. In the party bureaus sit many devotees of the sophisticated cult of Fascist violence which has aroused the apprehension of the Spanish Bishops. There the Church problem is discussed in terms coined during the past few years in Nazi Germany, where many of the party leaders have undergone periods of training. In spite of all official emphasis on the Catholic traditions of Spain there is a strong undercurrent of revolutionary anti-clericalism which has not been dammed. There is a deep-seated refusal to believe that Señor Hedilla, the Radical Fascist leader whom General Franco banished to the Canary Islands, has made his last appearance in Spanish politics.

For a year the country has been ruled by a powerful combination consisting of General Franco and his brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer, Minister of the Interior. They have assumed the supreme responsibility for the government of the country in the difficult months to come; they consider themselves secure enough to dispense with Sainz Rodriguez, the strongest Monarchist in the Cabinet. Their reliance on new men, drawn from the Falange Española, is criticized, particularly by the Monarchists, who would prefer doubtless to see a more conciliatory civilian figure at the head of national affairs.

There is always the refugee problem to consider. Unless General Franco can recover the hundreds of thousands of Spaniards whom the war has driven into exile and persuade them to labor peacefully by the side of their former opponents, unity will remain incomplete.

In France there are over 400,000 Spaniards, of whom 150,000 are women and children. According to recent statements in the French Chamber of Deputies it costs 6,000,000 francs a day to feed and house them. Of these, 50,000, almost all agriculturists (a class of which Nationalist Spain stands in need in view of the shortage of labor in Spain and the necessity for keeping up production if the population is to be fed), are awaiting to return. They opted to do so many weeks ago and have been collected in special camps.

For the time being, however, General Franco has closed the frontier. His policing machinery cannot cope with the demands made upon it.

A general amnesty would appear to be the only way of dealing rapidly with a problem of such magnitude, and there is as yet no sign of it. On the contrary, martial law has been proclaimed to facilitate the enforcement of the penal regulations. It is to be hoped that an honest endeavor will be made to limit severe punishment to those proved guilty of serious crimes; but the scope of measures defining punishable acts is so wide that thousands must certainly be sent to serve sentences in concentration camps.

For the moment, it would seem, Franco steadily refuses to join the Axis militarily. The material difficulties are in any case almost enough to preclude his taking the field in a

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European conflict, and to these must be added the tremendous problems of social pacification, the resettling of emigrants, and the policing of a large semi-hostile population. The dangers of a war embarked upon against such a background outweigh the temptation of the possible recovery of Gibraltar and Tangier, which is being dangled as bait.

The Spanish people know full well that, should their nation become involved in a Holy War against the democracies, the weight of Britain and France would fall more heavily upon them than upon their more sheltered totalitarian partners. Naval blockade would throw the nation back on its own depleted resources; communications with the colonies would be disrupted; the great oil refineries in the Canary Islands, extended and re-equipped during the civil war, would pass under enemy control. A powerful French army, reinforced by 250,000 Republican militiamen who are still concentrated in the Pyrenean area, would hammer on the northern frontier. It is doubtful whether the régime would stand the strain of defeat in the early stages.

Yet the time has come for Spain to take her own place in world affairs. The new authorities have laid down and reiterated the general aims of Spanish foreign policy. General Franco has proclaimed the territorial integrity of Spain and her colonies, and many authoritative statements envisage the rebirth of the Spanish 'Imperio,' in the form of a tightening of the bonds linking Spain with the Spanish countries of America, or of a reaffirmation of the cultural and spiritual values given to the world by the Spain of the sixteenth century. Spain also is committed to the struggle, real or imaginary, against Communism. She has signed the Anti-Comintern Pact, whereby she engages herself, not, indeed, to enter into a political alliance with the other signatories, but to collaborate with them in police work and propaganda. The Spaniards are summoned by geographical necessity to play an important part in the development of modern Europe; and they cannot be ignored.

II. Portugal Changes Allies

By Claude Vivières

Translated from *Ordre*, Paris Rightist Daily

RECENTLY Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, of Portugal, in an address before an extraordinary session of the National Assembly, reaffirmed his country's ancient alliance with Great Britain. So often does an outward shell of form persist after the substance has crumbled—the truth is that Portugal has unhooked her wagon from Great Britain's star and hitched it to the totalitarian comet. To students of Iberian affairs, this development will seem the logical conclusion to a policy that has endured for many years, and that has found favor among the reactionary elements on the Iberian peninsula. That policy can be described by a term which served as a title for one of the most significant books to come from Portugal: *Penin-*

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sular Alliance (by Manuel Sardinha).

The movement followed a parallel path in Spain and in Portugal. In Spain, it resulted in the Rivera dictatorship and the organization of the Falange Española, which is at present the keystone of the Franco régime. In Portugal, it was expressed by the rise of the Integralist Party headed by Sardinha, the author of the aforementioned book. That is the party which was later succeeded by the National Syndicalists, who were instrumental in bringing Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar to power.

The whole Portuguese policy of that period was dominated by the efforts of those who wanted to see the concept of a peninsular alliance become a reality. In Portugal, their work took the form of the creation of a corporative State and merciless warfare against all manner of political, cultural or other organizations that were not under the control of the Government. In his obvious attempt to link his country with Franco's Spain, Salazar worked against France and England, all protestations of ancient friendship notwithstanding.

Salazar began by taking over the Finance Ministry. Later he took over the Presidency of the Council, leaving to the military, which hitherto had much greater control in the government, only the war portfolio. He steadfastly refused to issue the necessary credits for the reorganization of the Army, the need for which was loudly belabored by the General Staff, and thereby discredited the General Staff in the eyes of the country. Later, this strategy made it possible for Dr. Salazar to assume the war portfolio.

An examination of his movements since 1932, when he first attained the premiership, show that they all contributed toward facilitating a rapprochement with Germany and were instrumental in fostering a strong anti-French and deviously hidden anti-British attitude. Trade relations between France and Portugal were broken by Lisbon on a flimsy pretext, and in all the Portuguese schools German became an obligatory language, while the teaching of French lagged sadly. We need not stress the privileges given to the Germans in the Portuguese African colony of Angola.

His reforms in the Army were sweeping. He changed the caliber of guns from the English 7m. 7 to the German 7m. 92. He exchanged the British Lee-Enfield rifles for the German Mauser, the Wickers machine-gun for the German Dreiser brand and the Italian Breda. His bombers are predominantly Junkers 53, and his pursuit-planes come from the Breda plant. These changes were not effected without the opposition of the General Staff. These moves were all consistent with his stand during the abortive attempts to enforce non-intervention. In all the discussions, Portugal was on the side of Germany and Italy, and never hesitated to oppose England, her ostensible ally.

After the resignation of Anthony Eden, who in his time had embarrassed Portugal by some searching questions as to her attitude, the policy of appeasement got into full swing. It embraced Portugal. England went to unexpected lengths to keep Lisbon's goodwill as, for example, when in the credentials of her envoy to Portugal she enclosed an encomium of Salazar's domestic policy, an act unique and without precedent in

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diplomatic annals. Later, the British Government suggested that it send a military mission to Lisbon to strengthen the traditional Anglo-Portuguese alliance, and to establish military collaboration, which might be useful in the future. This project Salazar objected to. When London, as another mark of its 'esteem,' sent the Home Fleet on a visit to Portugal, the British commanders found the German cruiser *Deutschland* already anchored in the Lisbon harbor.

Salazar's treatment of the British delegation was illuminating. He did not receive the admiral commanding the Home Fleet nor did he pay him a visit. When two hundred officers of the Portuguese Navy proposed to give a reception for the British, to celebrate their arrival, the Navy Ministry let it be known that this was unwelcome, unless the German officers were also invited. When the Portuguese officers refused to include the Germans, the reception had to be cancelled. Crowds of spectators at the ceremony at which the British admiral laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier were rudely dispersed.

Two weeks after the British Home Fleet left, an Italian naval division appeared at Lisbon and was magnificently fêted, with officers vying with one another in paying honor to the visitors.

II

Dr. Salazar's idea was, in his own words, that 'The time has come to eliminate the war generation from the army.' With this in mind, he began the reorganization of the military. The project was secretly formulated within the Ministry of War without the technical commissions of the army or the General Staff aware of what was taking place. The first they heard about it was when Dr. Salazar sent a copy of the decree to the Supreme War Council, on the eve of its publication in the official journal. Although the Council claimed that the time allotted to it for reflection was too short, Dr. Salazar charged ahead with his reforms. The result was a strike throughout the army, with the officers refusing to leave their barracks. Only a personal appeal by Dr. Salazar ended the strike. In the course of a conference that then took place, Premier Salazar promised that the decrees would be submitted to the British Mission, soon expected at Lisbon, and that they would then be amended after collaboration with the Portuguese General Staff. This promise of modification being given, the officers returned to their posts. The War Ministry, however, immediately set to promulgating and applying the decrees just as they had been published. As a result, of approximately 3,000 officers, 1,400 were retired and, as if by chance, those were precisely the ones who had participated in the World War. In this way, the war generation was 'eliminated from the army,' as Dr. Salazar had ordered. Nor was this all. An efficient system of espionage was created to keep watch over the officer personnel. Today a simple accusation on the part of the political police may result in demotion or dismissal of the accused officer, without the formality of a trial. The entire army is pervaded by Salazar's followers.

The army has usually been opposed to Dr. Salazar's policy, and that is the reason it has been so efficiently disarmed. Inevitably, national defense has been practically destroyed, but

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Dr. Salazar seems indifferent to that. He has, in its place, created military formations on the model of the German Storm Troopers and the Spanish Falange. These formations are called the Portuguese Legion, and are recruited almost entirely from the officers and under-officers who had been expelled from the army in pre-Salazar days for conspiring against the Republic. Chiefs of the German S. S. have helped to organize these troops, as well as to establish a Portuguese intelligence service on the model of the Gestapo.

III

Altogether, Dr. Salazar has proceeded systematically to reduce the military forces of his country. He has retained only seventeen of thirty-one infantry regiments, and the decrease has been similar in other branches. We can state without fear of contradiction that at the present time Portugal, in case of war, would be incapable of mobilizing more than one division. There is a lack of motorized forces and the anti-aircraft defense has been reduced to pathetic proportions. There are virtually no machine-guns nor lightweight cannon. The air force has been sadly depleted—with only a squadron or two for every classification. This, it should be noted, in the face of an imperialist Spain that has an army of 700,000 men and more than 1,000 planes.

It appears indisputable that Dr. Salazar has deliberately disarmed Portugal to force it to follow a policy which can never be opposed to that of Spain. At the same time that he protests his fidelity to the British alliance, he makes it clear to London that he cannot defend Portugal against a Spanish invasion unless England sends him an expeditionary force of between 200,000 and 300,000 men, obviously an impossibility. Accordingly, it is easy to understand why the perspiring British military mission at Lisbon has made only the most trivial progress. Its members have no contact with the General Staff, or with anybody who counts in the Army. More than that: to discredit the Army completely, Dr. Salazar caused the arrest of a few superior officers on the charge of seditious activities with the encouragement of the innocuous British Mission! This farce is permitted to continue, since Chamberlain is anxious to support the fiction of the Portugese-British alliance. Under the recently amplified pact, the Portugese are assured of the aid of the British fleet in the event of aggression, and they are promised aid in the fortification of a few ports—as if an aggression against Portugal would come from the sea!

Meanwhile, German influence has spread into the field of commerce. Germany now occupies second place in Portuguese export trade and is coming close to the British figures (once the Reich held sixth place). England's total trade with Portugal, which amounted to 807,136,000 escudos last year, has now decreased to 627,748,000 escudos, while Germany's trade has grown from 335,867,000 in 1933 to 532,935,000 escudos in 1938. [1 Escudo is 4½¢]

To summarize: as long as Dr. Salazar refuses to take the necessary measures to defend his country efficaciously against the threat of invasion (and he obviously has been doing the contrary), it is absurd to pretend

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that he is fulfilling his responsibilities under the alliance with Great Britain. As long as he continues with his present policy, it is only accurate to say that he is definitely in the Axis. And is it not also true that he has been exerting a strong pressure on Chamberlain, together with Franco, to prevent a Russo-British pact?

Franco knew what he was doing when recently he simultaneously decorated the chief of the Gestapo, the chief of the Italian Secret Police, and Dr. Salazar.

III. Teutons in Italy

By Philip Barrès

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

ITALY has again been invaded by the Germans. The signs of this invasion are visible immediately upon arrival in Italy. There were three Germans in my compartment in the train from Paris. They opened the window and a nightingale's song poured in from the misty mountains.

'The first nightingale,' they said, delighted. 'That's Italy's greeting to us.'

They were also delighted to see the customs officers politely relieve me of my French paper, which had been banned a few days ago by the Fascist Government. 'Discipline!' they said, and their chests swelled with pride in their Italian ally. A few hours later, however, they were abashed to see the conductor of our train, stretched out on a bench, peacefully reading the very paper that had been confiscated at the frontier.

After watching the ravishing landscape unfolding before them, they sighed, shaking their heads: 'What a blessed country! But will we ever be able to do anything with its people?'

On the first day of my arrival in Rome, under the portico of the Grand Hotel, I ran across Germans, resplendent in their gold-braid uniforms. They belonged to the military mission of General Walther von Brauchitsch, who was at that time in Rome. But Rome is not only a headquarters for the military. An army of workers and organizers has been staying there, as well.

Indeed, the Italians, who are pretty well used to entertaining strangers, seem to have had too much of the Germans. They are tired of seeing the graves of their War dead disappearing under the enormous nickel-plated laurel wreaths that the visitors brought with them from Germany. They are weary of seeing Italian soldiers serving as honor guards to members of the German mission. There is, incidentally, considerable resentment about this. One Italian officer told me that never before had a foreign general on a visit to Italy been given so large a guard of honor. He seemed to feel very strongly about it.

The German influence in the Italian army is openly resented. At seven o'clock every evening the guards are changed before the Palazzo Venezia—a brilliant and imposing ceremony, and one that usually attracts a large audience. A company of infantry, with knapsacks on their backs, and

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wearing white stockings, emerges from the ancient palace of Queen Lucretia (Napoleon's mother), and proceeds at a goose-step to the monument of Victor Emmanuel. The step is executed with conscientious stiffness, but the crowd regards it with eloquent silence. But when, on the way back, the *bersaglieri*, to the sound of their own regimental music, break into a characteristic Italian running-step, the drum-major throwing his sticks up in the air, the crowd bursts into loud applause.

II

Altogether, the Italians regard the visitors with marked coolness. And the Germans themselves, whose faces are burned raw in the broiling sun, look uncomfortable and out of place among the slim, brown natives around them. They seem disconcerted by the vivid landscape, by the open familiarity of the children and the simple independence of the women.

At dinner time they go to Alfredo's, the most famous of those little Roman restaurants where one can have the best noodles in the world for six lira. There they are startled to see, hanging in the place of honor, a large photograph of ex-Premier Pierre Laval, shaking hands with Alfredo between French and Italian flags. Göring had also given his photograph to Alfredo, and with an inscription to boot, but it was relegated to a corner together with photographs of Douglas Fairbanks and Lionel Barrymore. Alfredo himself, who looks like a cross between a lion-tamer and an actor, greets the Germans with a sort of ironic familiarity to which they are not accustomed.

This dislike of the Germans seems to be apparent in all ranks and classes of Italians. Many seem to feel that Italy is submitting to a peaceful invasion of the hated *Tedeschi*, that the Peninsula is actually being colonized. A Roman woman of my acquaintance told me, 'I still feel that we will be able to come to terms with you French.'

As she said this, her chauffeur suddenly applied the brakes to avoid collision with an automobile full of Germans, making the rounds of Roman night-life. His mistress said to him, laughingly, 'Couldn't you bend their fenders a little bit, Guiseppe?' Guiseppe grinned, then turned serious. 'They must not be pushed too much, Signora. Now that our police is full of them, one has to be careful what one says.'

The Italian aristocracy, ordinarily so prudent and discreet, seems to have thrown all caution to the winds in their open disapproval of 'Count Ciano's German friends.' Stories that show the Germans in an unfavorable light are told with malicious glee.

One young Roman princess found herself sitting next to Göring at a dinner. The Marshal paid a great deal of attention to her and particularly to a ruby ring she was wearing. Perceiving this, she remarked:—

'I see you like the rubies, Marshal.'

In answer, Göring plunged his ring-studded hand into his pocket and dragged out a cigarette case, a cigar knife and a watch, all of them literally encrusted with rubies. At the same moment, the Princess noticed that Madame Göring was wearing an enormous emerald necklace on her luxurious shoulders. She turned again to Göring and asked him, smiling, 'I see that you also like emeralds, Marshal. Which stone do you prefer?'

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Göring pondered for a minute and then replied with an enormous chuckle, 'My word, when I see rubies I want rubies, and when I see emeralds, I want emeralds.'

'Just as I feared,' parried the Princess, and the table burst into laughter, except Göring who looked faintly puzzled.

The Germans have in a way laid themselves open to these attacks by their tactlessness. When traveling on an Italian steamer to Tripoli, I myself witnessed a typical incident. An Italian woman, a widow of a well-known general, had reserved four chairs on deck. Three of these were immediately occupied by Germans, who, upon being asked to leave, refused to budge. Only the interference of the steward finally made them move, and even then they revenged themselves by bawling German songs for two hours, thus making all conversation impossible. They weren't in the slightest abashed on seeing the lady personally greeted on the pier by Marshal Balbo.

III

This picturesque personage, with a cap jauntily pulled over one ear and his black goatee (his popular nickname is *Pic di Ferro*—iron beard), is, after the Duce, one of the most popular figures in Italy. He is always wildly applauded in the movies by the crowds whose lack of enthusiasm at the sight of Roberto Farinacci, or even Count Ciano, is woefully apparent. The creator of Italy's military aviation, made famous by his flights over the Atlantic in 1931 and 1933, is today somewhat of an exile in Tripoli because of his resistance to the Axis policy, but he is still seen by many Italians as the white hope. It is known that another influential and popular Fascist, Dino Grandi, now Ambassador to London, shares his views and it is said they hope to win over the Duce.

He dislikes Germans, and it is said that his last conversation with Göring was none too cordial. As for Brauchitsch, Balbo refers to him in everybody's hearing as 'that inspector they sent over to Libya.'

When I was in Tripoli, 23,000 troops, native and Italian, paraded before us. When he was complimented on their appearance, Balbo said, 'Yes, of course, but you ought to see what they have to face!' And he pointed toward Tunisia, laughing like a boy.

'You see,' he said, more seriously, 'there is no point in deceiving ourselves or our German friends. We must know exactly what we face. The present comparison of our forces and those of France and Britain does not mean anything. Our aviation is superior today, but tomorrow France and England, supported by America, may surpass us. As for land forces, France is today still in the strongest position. The German Army is growing more formidable, but we must not forget British conscription and the effect that it will have on the combined forces of the London-Paris Axis.'

For that matter, Count Ciano himself has been somewhat apologetic about his German affiliations, and has been heard to say, 'Naturally, the Germans are not very *simpatico* as individuals, but what can be done? They are a political necessity to us.'

IV

The Germans themselves regard their stay in Italy in a simple and

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utilitarian light. They are there to render a service to their allies, and, incidentally, they intend to be paid threefold for services rendered. I have spoken to many of those representatives of Hitler in Italy, who have been placed in strategic posts of the administration—in the General Staff, the army and the navy, the Ministries and even the cadres of the Fascist Party. I have talked with technicians of the most diverse professions, from the consulting engineer whose task is to improve the synthetic production of oil and rubber to the artillery officer charged with teaching the Italians how to handle the new Czecho-Slovakian cannon that the Reich has been sending to Piedmont and Libya. These men, handpicked for their jobs, have come to Italy not only to teach but to learn something themselves. And they know what they are about.

Their opinion of Italo-German relations is expressed in brief and succinct terms. With regard to Italy, they know that Germany is playing the same game that she has been playing with central and eastern Europe. With German aid accepted, Italy is bound to the Reich by unbreakable links—thus Ribbentrop has appropriately called the Italo-German alliance a 'pact of steel.' It is well to remember that Germany has twice the population of Italy. Her industrial strength is twenty times that of Italy. Germany's frontier with Italy from the Brenner Pass to Trieste is very difficult to defend on the Italian side. These three significant points are supplemented by others. Italy has quarreled with England and France in a fashion which leaves her isolated and helpless before her present ally. Her various enterprises have immobilized several of her most important forces. She has 120,000 troops in Ethiopia, 60,000 in Albania, 30,000 [until recently] in Spain, 12,000 in the Dodecanese and on Rhodes, and 60,000 in Libya—altogether 282,000 troops which cannot be shifted either to the Brenner or to the French Alps. Nor in their present position can they present a serious threat either to France or England, except insofar as they are supported by Germany. That means that from the military and strategic point of view it is Germany who dominates the Axis.

The possibilities of the situation have been summarized for me in somewhat simplified terms by the Germans I have met in Italy.

First hypothesis: Peace is maintained and Italy remains faithful to the Axis. Then the Reich, supported by its ally, continues to glean advantages wherever it can.

Second hypothesis: There is war, and Italy is faithful to the Axis. In this case, Italy becomes Germany's spearhead, serves as a battlefield and receives the first blows on land and sea. If the Axis wins, Germany still dominates Italy and gets the lion's share of the spoils. If the Axis loses, Germany negotiates peace over the prostrate form of Italy.

Third hypothesis: Italy, whether in peace or war, abandons the German alliance. Whereupon Hitler attacks Trieste—a *coup* followed by a gigantic outburst of laughter from Paris, London and Washington, who will be only too happy to see Italy discomfited.

German humor is not the subtlest, but all three hypotheses contain more than a little plausibility.

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The author of *Wheat and Soldiers*, himself a non-smoker, observes the effects of enforced abstinence on his men.

Of Cigarettes *and* Soldiers

By Ashihei Hino

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

I HAVE never taken to smoking. Probably because I do not smoke, it is seldom that I really welcome smokers as guests. They knock off their cigarette ash into anything near at hand or let it fall on the floor, which often annoys me. They think nothing of flicking it into the rice-bowls out of which they have just eaten, or into tea-cups. All sense of delicacy about such matters seems lost. I dislike the smell of tobacco, and the careless throwing about of cigarette ash and unburned ends strikes me as more than uncleanly. The sight offends and irritates me.

It was a great surprise to me on reaching China to see to what extent the Chinese are addicted to smoking. Nearly all the multi-colored posters at street-corners, on house walls and even inside washing-basins advertise cigarettes. The advertised brands are amazingly numerous, and are smoked by an equally amazing number of Chinese of both sexes, young and old. What astounded me most was the sight of children smoking. Many were only six or seven years old, and there were even some hardened smokers of three or four. Boys of about fourteen inhaled deeply and leisurely with apparently all the enjoyment of adults.

I remember a gang of pallid, wild-eyed boys who ran after me in Hangchow. They kept crying, 'Gimme cigarette, gentleman! Gimme cigarette!' and would not leave me alone. Several times I traveled between Hangchow and Shanghai by train, and on each trip I was surprised to see children, girls among them, standing at both sides of the tracks as the train pulled out of a station. They knew the schedule and were waiting. As the train passed, moving slowly at first, they ran with it, begging for cigarettes at the top of their voices. If one were thrown, the nearest child would pounce on it like a starving devil, and continue running and shouting in hope of another. Finally the train outdistanced the last of them. Looking back from the windows, we saw them light

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up their spoils as they stood beside the tracks, and exhale rings of smoke that rose toward the sky.

Having no need for cigarettes, I was able to congratulate myself, when I arrived at the front, on having never taken up smoking. But the reverse was true of the other soldiers, almost without exception regular smokers, who suffered more and more from the cigarette shortage while on front-line duty. As though admitting that smokers know no propriety, they would help themselves to their comrades' cigarettes when their own were gone. Even when my own soldiers would be miserable for want of cigarettes, I could look on more or less indifferently. I even thought there was something despicable in their craving. But recently I have come to feel a bit differently.

II

An incident having to do with cigarettes that occurred while we were on the march is still alive in my memory. Our unit was ordered forward to mop up remnant enemy troops. After encountering a large enemy force, we experienced indescribable hardships. We stayed day and night in the trenches. Our food supply gradually began to wane, and at the same time we suffered from a shortage of cigarettes. What was worse, one night we had a heavy downpour, and fighting started in the middle of it. When it was over, we found the few remaining cigarettes almost completely ruined.

The soldiers began to share the little tobacco they could salvage from their sodden belongings. Two or three would smoke the same cigarette, and at times more than ten were glad to puff at one that was passed around. Finally, a soldier suggested that they all pool the cigarettes that were left and agree upon rations to make the supply last as long as possible. At first, the plan seemed to involve arithmetical difficulties, since some men had been accustomed to smoking more than others. In practice, though, it worked smoothly.

After we had spent several days in this way in the trenches, one of the soldiers suddenly burst into sobs. Alarmed, we went to him and asked what was his trouble. But he refused to look up. All he would do was to ask to be forgiven, and he kept on weeping. When we pressed him to explain himself, he slowly raised himself and said he was afraid to confess unless we promised to forgive him. We promised, and he began to look relieved. He told us he had been concealing some cigarettes. He could not go without smoking for even a little while, he said, and so had kept some back when all the men had pooled their supplies. But his guilty conscience was too much for him when he saw the others sharing with one another what little they had. As he pulled four crumbled cigarettes from his pocket, his face brightened, and he said he was again light of heart.

We found that he was not alone in his guilt. One after another, three soldiers stepped forward to confess that they too had held back a few cigarettes. Tears trickling down their cheeks, they apologized. The other men, some of whom at first had mumbled angry words, were of course willing to forgive the sinners and even rejoiced at the unforeseen additions to their common stock.

That day we again were under fire, but the night was quiet. I was begin-

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ning to doze off when a soldier awakened me. In a whisper that was almost inaudible, he addressed me as squad-commander and said he had a favor to ask. I inquired what was wrong. 'I too have been keeping back some cigarettes,' he said. His conscience had begun to gnaw at him, and attempts to justify his selfishness would not silence it. He had not the courage, however, to confess to the other men. For a time he thought of throwing away the cigarettes, but he remembered how the others treasured even a single one, taking turns smoking it, and after a hard mental struggle, finally decided to confide in me. Appreciating his intention, I took the package and found inside a pack of Golden Bat cigarettes.

Feeling myself in possession of a most valuable treasure, I carefully put the pack of Golden Bats in a pocket of my field-coat, and lay down to sleep in the trench. Overhead, myriads of stars twinkled like drops of rain ready to fall. Not far away, soldiers snored or, now and then, ground their teeth. I turned over several times on my bed of straw. Once, opening my eyes, I saw the dark figures of soldiers huddled together in sleep and the dim red glow of a single cigarette.

Morning came, and the task of adding the precious pack of cigarettes to the soldiers' lean supply was achieved very easily. The windfall delighted the men so much that they forgot to inquire with any seriousness into this mystery. Producing the little cardboard box and its cigarettes from my knapsack, I said, 'What a fool I've been! I have put these cigarettes in here and have forgotten all about them.' Then I nonchalantly tossed the pack to the soldiers.

With loud rejoicing and much laughter, the pack of Golden Bats was taken to the 'warehouse' of the 'superintendence department' with as much ceremony as though it had been of enormous value. A superior private was in charge of the storage and distribution of all cigarettes. He was 'chief of the superintendence department,' and his 'warehouse' consisted of several boards thrown together to form a sort of box. On top, spread out in neat rows, cigarettes that had become wet and crumpled in the recent rain were drying in the sun.

Reverently, as if it were the sacred emblem of a shrine, the pack was placed with them, its picture of two bats in bright gold shining brilliantly in the sunlight. The soldiers facetiously performed the Shinto rite of clapping hands before it, and there was much laughter.

Not long afterward, a large supply of cigarettes was delivered from the rear. The men had more than they really needed. And yet I heard them say to one another that the new cigarettes, though a more expensive brand and fresh from the factory, did not taste so well as those they had drawn several days before from their scanty supply. They did not smoke so frequently as then, and seemed vaguely dissatisfied amid their plenty.

III

On look-out duty one night, we suddenly heard a rifle shot from the direction of the sentinel line. We ran toward it. In the dark stood a sentinel with his rifle, and at his feet lay a Chinese soldier, dead. He had been killed by the shot, which had gone through his head. A cigarette was still

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burning in his mouth. It fell out while I looked, but its red glow did not die immediately.

In a cheerless tone, the sentinel said, 'He must have come to pick up a cigarette. What a fool! I wish I hadn't fired.'

He had seen a black shadow near the line. After challenging it several times without getting a reply, he had fired as it suddenly started to move away. The glowing point of the cigarette had made an easy mark of the Chinese, and the shot killed him.

The cigarette that fell from his lips was the half-inch butt of a Golden Bat.

It was easy to reconstruct his fatal adventure. In the enemy position, not far off, the men were undergoing the same privations as we, and at least this one must have suffered to the point of agony from the cigarette shortage. Probably the Chinese had not enforced rational consumption as we had, or possibly there was not a cigarette left in the trench. This young man, who must have been frantic with need of a smoke, spied a tiny spot of red light on the battlefield, which he recognized as coming from a burning cigarette. At first he thought a Japanese soldier was smoking. Yet if it were being smoked, it should brighten and grow dim, or move about. But it remained stationary at a fixed point. Moreover, he surely reasoned, no Japanese would be so careless as to smoke openly where he could be seen from an enemy trench. To make sure, he had wiggled from his position and crawled cautiously across the ground, slowly nearing the tiny glow. He had been right—it was a cigarette that had been discarded.

But it was farther away than he had believed, and lay dangerously close to the Japanese position. He wanted to reach it as quickly as possible, though, that there might be more of it to smoke, and his impatience made him less cautious. As he reached out to pick up the butt, the sentinel discovered him. The moment he was challenged he lost his head and, as he started to run, put the lighted cigarette to his lips not realizing what he was doing.

The point of light gave him away. The shot was aimed well, and he died. The cigarette end on the ground burned itself out.

The sentinel, who a few days before had been glad of a puff at a cigarette butt passed around several men, slowly pulled from his pockets a pack of Golden Bats and thrust it into a pocket of the Chinese soldier's coat. Then he returned to duty, and the rest of us went back to the trench.

A casual and overly sentimental episode of this nature would hardly induce me to abandon overnight my lifelong dislike of smoking. Recently, however, I have come to feel, though only slightly, something like loneliness, perhaps tinged with remorse at having refrained completely from tobacco. I have felt envy, almost jealousy, at witnessing the comradeship among soldiers in the trenches, enhanced by their common habit of smoking. Though not a total outsider, I have had to look on as though I were of a different race simply because I did not smoke. And so these days I am beginning to practice it, while my soldiers laugh when unbearable irritation in the throat causes me to burst into coughing, when prickling in the nose brings sneezing, or smoke sends large tears trickling down my cheeks.

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Persons and Personages

Cárdenas's Presidential Godchild

By William Parker

In THE Republic of Mexico, where the presidency is restricted to one term of six years, the incumbent is traditionally expected to observe strict neutrality toward aspirants for his office, and President Cárdenas early this year officially proclaimed his disinterest. But—Cárdenas recently met his Minister of National Defense. 'Well, General Camacho,' said Cárdenas, 'if you are elected President I hope you won't be the heel I was when I exiled my predecessor, Calles.'

'Oh, no, Señor Presidente,' replied Camacho with one of his characteristic chuckles, 'never that kind of a heel, believe me.'

Onlookers sensed a political benedictus, one slightly paraphrased from St. Matthew's canticle, to mean, 'Blessed be he who cometh in the name of Cárdenas.'

General Avila Camacho is stout, broad-shouldered, much tanned from polo playing, a man of medium height, with brown eyes, and black hair immaculately parted on the left of his longish head, a pudgy face, small, narrow mouth and a double chin which bulges like a jelly-roll over his soft white collar. His ingratiating manner wins many friends.

But Americans and other foreigners, as well as a large part of the Mexican population of Nuevo Leon, which is a sort of buffer state of Capitalism standing between Texas and radical Mexico City, are shouting 'Viva Almazan!' General Andreu Almazan, an early revolutionary leader reputed to be worth millions, is Camacho's strongest competitor for the presidency. He is anti-Cárdenas, a liberal who favors closer economic relations with the United States. Others in the race are Generals Joaquin Amaro, Francisco Tapia and Rafael Sanchez Mugica.

Mexican businessmen will tell you: 'It's far too early to say who will be President. A lot of things can happen in Mexico between now and July, 1940,—the date of the presidential election.'

One of the 'things' which 'happened' during a presidential campaign several terms preceding Cárdenas's election is symbolized in thirteen small iron crosses at the roadside between Mexico City and Cuernevaca. General Francisco R. Serrano, presidential candidate, and twelve committeemen were ambushed and murdered one night by 'bandits.'

Paradoxically, Camacho's popularity may yet prove his political Waterloo. Hero of many minor battles, he is an amiable disciplinarian. In leading Government troops against the Cristeros (fanatical devotees

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of the Church) in the state of Jalisco in 1928, he forbade the *Ley de Fuga*. (That is the provision by which a prisoner is allowed to escape and then is shot in the back.)

As Secretary of National Defense, Camacho favored the purchase of American planes and equipped the army with tanks, trucks and anti-aircraft guns. Liking Americans, and the owner of a polo team, he once sent his private railway car to the border to bring an American polo team to Mexico city, only to have his team beaten by two games to one.

Camacho's political snowball, started rolling by the Moderates and ultra-Conservatives last January, quickly accumulated the Leftist groups and the Communist party—and Señor Lombardo Vincente Toledano. The army is forbidden to engage in politics but it, too, is supporting Camacho, so much so that the Confederation of Regional Workers (C.R.O.M.) charged that as early as last February 22 the Government was supplying truckloads of arms to Toledano's labor and political organizations. On Camacho's side also is the National Confederation of Peasants (C.N.C.), the second largest voting block in the Revolutionary party.

Seeking to melt the Camacho snowball, Camacho's opponents began to whisper that he was the son of a Spaniard born in Spain, whereas the Constitution specifies that Mexico's president must be the son of a Mexican born in Mexico. Retaliating, the Comité Nacional pro-Avila Camacho unfurled a birth certificate that Manuel Avila Camacho was born May 1, 1896, in Teziutlan, State of Puebla. A second birth certificate gave the birthplace of Camacho's father as Tetela, in the same State of which his brother, Maximo Avila Camacho, is governor.

The second whispering campaign links Camacho politically with the man frequently referred to as 'the John L. Lewis of Mexico,' Señor Toledano, General Secretary of the Confederation of Mexican Workers.

The political support of Toledano, pledged in the big bull-ring in Mexico City, was warmly and publicly received by Camacho but was said to have shocked his Conservative conscience. Camacho, said Toledano, amid great cheering, is the 'choice of our 1,156,000 workers . . . showing that the proletariat realizes it is necessary to continue Cárdenas's work.' Camacho promised to respect the rights of peasants, workers and 'authentic small properties' and promised 'security to private capital providing it respects Mexico's economic liberty and the advances of the proletariat.' On other important issues he has been silent.

Toledano is not a member of the Communist Party but has made several visits to Soviet Russia. He attended the 1934 session of the Communist International in Moscow with Herman Laborde, General Secretary of the party of Mexico.

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Toledano has a 'union militia' which wears trim uniforms of forest green. They march with military precision in public parades, wooden sticks like guns at their shoulders. The 'union militia' will represent a trained reserve of 200,000 in three or four years. (Mexico's standing army is 70,000, with 40,000 in the reserve corps.)

Mexico's next presidential election is more than just another Latin comic opera south of the Rio Grande. It will have widespread international repercussions. In talking with the negligible Nazi vanguard in Mexico, one learns that the Nazis fear Mexico will go Communist. The Communists confide their fears of a Nazified Mexico. The foreign interest will tell you back of their hand that Mexico at the moment is a combination of both, retaining none of the best features of either.

A strong Nazi-type dictator in Mexico, one hears, could gather in all of the weak republics southward to Panama, thus making of America's Big Ditch a problem with many more aspects than the purely military.

The Soviet Foreign Minister

By Georges Reyer

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV was born in 1890 in a provincial town. Contrary to popular belief, he is descended from a long line of small clerks of whom his father, Mikhail Scriabin, was perhaps the most prosperous. Young Vyacheslav did not have a happy life in the old wooden house where the Scriabin family lived. His father, with his absurdly small salary, could hardly support his large family.

'You will go to high school and to college,' the father often said to his son, 'and, God willing, you may some day be a well-to-do man.'

This beautiful dream proved difficult to realize. The family was forced to undergo many privations to pay for the boy's studies. Young Molotov realized only too well how much his career cost his parents. He studied with a sort of fury. He was a gifted youth, with a clear mind, a prodigious memory, and an exceptional capacity for work. At college, he fell in with the revolutionary elements among the students. At that time all the students sympathized with the work of the Social Democrats. Proscribed by the Czar and hounded by the police, they led a precarious existence. Young Molotov attended the secret meetings of his fellow students who were active in this underground work.

In November, 1906, came the opportunity for closer contact with the Party. He was given the address of an old house where a secret meeting was to be held. It was at this meeting in a clammy cellar that

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Vyacheslav Scriabin took his oath of loyalty to the movement. He took that oath under the name of Molotov, a name by which he was henceforth to be known in the Party. He was at the time a slight, fragile youth with wild hair, and a small, pale face lighted by brilliant myopic eyes burning under a bulging brow. He looked like the typical student of the period, intense and half-starved, but beneath his somewhat eccentric exterior burned an active and enterprising spirit.

It was a grave step for him to take. It was not only that he renounced his family name; he had to bid adieu to all the paternal ambitions for a peaceful and prosperous life. He went on with his studies, but at the same time he organized illegal cells in the secondary schools and joined in the student protest against the strict college regimen. In 1909, as he was leaving a secret meeting, he was pounced upon by the police and arrested. He was condemned to two years' imprisonment for his revolutionary activities. He was only nineteen years old, and his youth won him the sympathy of the judges, who, instead, exiled him from his home town.

In 1911 we find him in St. Petersburg, where he entered the Polytechnical Institute. But he did not leave the movement. His nights were spent in the secret printing plants where the forbidden papers *Pravda* and *Zvezda* were printed. He wrote articles which he composed and printed himself on a hand press. He carried on an extensive correspondence with the Bolshevik leaders abroad, especially with Lenin, and vigorously took the stump during the election campaign for the fourth Duma.

The constant strain told on him. Young Molotov became gaunt as a skeleton, though his eyes of blue steel still gleamed with an undaunted light behind their glasses. Little by little he was forced to give up his studies. Finally he left the Polytechnical Institute and threw himself wholeheartedly into the revolutionary movement.

In 1913 he was again arrested and forbidden to reside in urban centers. He spent the next three years dodging the secret police—he had a flair for avoiding the elaborate traps they set for him. Though ostensibly residing in a law-abiding manner outside of St. Petersburg, he was active in the city, particularly among the trade unions. In 1916 he was caught for a third time and exiled to Siberia. He escaped and disappeared. The police sought him in St. Petersburg, but, as a matter of fact, he was in London, accompanied by his good friend Stalin, ten years older than he. The two had been chosen to represent the Party at the congress abroad. It was there in London, in an Anglican chapel, that he met Lenin for the first time. Back in Russia, together with Stalin, he carried on an intensive defeatist campaign against further Russian participation in the World War and feverishly laid the groundwork for the Revolution. When it finally came in 1917, Molotov was only twenty-

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seven years old. But he found himself suddenly at the head of the Party until the return of Lenin, when, for one reason or another, he was pushed into the background. He was given work to do which, though of prime importance, kept him temporarily out of the spotlight.

Stalin's advent to power changed that. Molotov, the second Secretary of the Party at that time, immediately became Stalin's assistant. Their intimate collaboration has lasted for eighteen years. Molotov has rendered many services to his chief for which Stalin has been grateful. It was thanks to Molotov's devotion that Stalin was able to put down the numerous insurrections and plots. In 1930, when Rykov fell into disgrace and was relieved of his post as President of the Council of People's Commissars, Molotov took his place. He has not left this post, except temporarily, to help out in whatever posts Stalin deemed it indispensable to put a man whom he could trust. Many of the old Soviet leaders have been judged, executed or exiled. But Molotov remains in favor.

Today Vyacheslav Molotov is forty-nine years old—comparatively young, as diplomats go. Somewhat thick-set, with heavy shoulders that seem made to support responsibilities, he can be distinguished from most of his colleagues by a certain Anglo-American kind of elegance.

He is not very well known abroad, though for many years he has helped to frame the foreign policy of the U. S. S. R. He was the superior of Litvinov, whom he recently replaced. By giving Molotov the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in this critical period, Stalin has again shown his complete confidence in his old assistant.

Hitler at Fifty

By G. H.

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

'WHAT do you say when you greet the Soviet Ambassador at a diplomatic reception?' an admirer recently asked the Führer.

'It's very simple,' he replied. 'I look him straight in the eyes until he loses his composure; then, well, I ask: "Does the Berlin climate agree with Your Excellency?" And while he stammers an answer, I have already passed on to the next person.'

The question has been often asked how a fundamentally simple man manages to deal with statesmen, generals and captains of industry ten times his superior as to descent and background in such a way that they look up to him. Hitler's answer is more revealing than any long psychological explanation. The Führer knows by experience that he can at will

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radiate a certain emanation that disarms the most hardboiled of men. He has come to despise people, retaining no respect for anything or anybody. He is no longer on time for his appointments—for what visitor is so important that he cannot be left waiting? Even the Duke of Windsor had to cool his heels for an hour before the Führer received him.

Hitler detests all-diplomatic ceremony and flimflammery. In his intimate circle he knows no greater pleasure than to mimic the various Ministers and Ambassadors. He can give better than professional imitations of Goebbels and Göring, and every time he visits the Marshal, he is forced to put on his act. One of his favorite victims was for a long time 'Phippsie,' the former British Ambassador to Berlin who now resides in Paris. He could not stand this stubborn liberal and delighted in aping the manner in which Phipps inserted his monocle with one hand while giving a tabloid version of the Hitler salute with the other.

At the same time, Hitler is hypersensitive to all attempts at ridiculing him. He flies into a rage at every caricature depicting him as a house-painter or as a little man gone mad. On the other hand, he is not at all disturbed when foreign cartoons show him as a God of War or a monster. He recently read in an American magazine that Germany owned 10,000 airplanes and that she manufactured 1,000 per month. 'What nonsense,' he exclaimed. 'But let them believe it!'

His high opinion of himself has increased considerably since the events of last September. When Chamberlain came to Berchtesgaden, Heinrich Hoffman, the Party photographer, received orders to portray the reception on the flight of steps leading to Hitler's house in such a manner that the English Premier looked up to the Führer. The whole Munich Conference vastly confirmed his Napoleon complex.

Nevertheless, he has no true friends. It would be too dangerous for him because he is the constant center of palace intrigues. Since Roehm's death, he is no longer on 'thee and thou' terms with a single one of his associates. He is always surrounded by his bodyguards, members of the so-called 'Suicide Corps,' who have taken an oath to kill themselves if Hitler is assassinated. They are all treated with great consideration. He never forgets a birthday and takes a deep interest in their private lives.

Since Dr. Schacht's retirement Hitler has become even more nervous and irritable than before. In the Wilhelmstrasse, the password always is: 'For heaven's sake, don't irritate the Führer!' He is in a state of constant nervous tension and neglects himself physically. Sports are repulsive to him and he cannot even get himself to take a long walk. For some time he has tried to fight against a tendency to put on weight by daily massages and a rigid diet of nuts and raw fruit. When he marched into Czecho-Slovakia, he had all his pockets full of hazel nuts, and an officer

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in his entourage told a British reporter who remarked about this that the Führer devoured tremendous quantities.

Apart from his diet, Hitler's habits are very irregular; sometimes he goes to bed between eleven and twelve o'clock, but often it is four o'clock in the morning. As a rule, all members of his household are required to stay up as late as he does, and to entertain him as best they can. Evenings at the Berghof usually begin with the showing of a motion picture and end with music. While everyone else takes wine and beer, he drinks only peppermint tea or a mixture of milk and chocolate, or, occasionally, a brand of beer brewed especially for him in Munich containing only one per cent of alcohol.

The only women in his household are his two sisters: Ida Rauball and Paula Hitler. Everything that has been written about his alleged love affairs is untrue. He regards the sexual impulse as a human weakness and despises men who cannot master it. Nevertheless, he is lenient with his collaborators on this score if they are necessary to him or to the movement. Thus, he has let Dr. Goebbels, who threatened to develop from a moving picture dictator to a formidable philanderer, stay in his post. His attitude does not prevent him from enjoying the company of pretty women. He likes young society girls, and he is particularly fond of the two blond grandchildren of Richard Wagner, who treat him like an old uncle. He likes their animated chatter and if he sits next to one of them, he pats her hand. But that is all.

In his work Hitler is just as irregular as he is in his life. He declines to read reports of Ministers and Ambassadors. When, in March, 1936, Marshal von Blomberg urged him to read a document, Hitler replied: 'I am not interested in that report. I already know what it says.' One day later, the German army entered the Rhineland. The report which he rejected so disdainfully had contained a formal warning against this action and had assured him that France would immediately mobilize if the Treaty of Locarno were infringed.

The only documents which interest the Führer are blueprints of buildings and military maps. Recently, he has sought the company of younger officers in order to become more familiar with the secrets of strategy. As an architect, however, he has assumed the leading rôle. The Reich Chancellery, which was recently opened was largely his own work.

Undoubtedly, he sometimes has the gift of clairvoyance and the sensibility of a medium. But he is no spiritualist in spite of the premonitions which he has about his own fate. The main reason for the precipitate annexation of Czecho-Slovakia was that he believes he has only one or two more years to live. Each time a great decision has to be made, his intimates hear him say in a melancholy voice: 'We must hurry. My time is short.'

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Hitler has trodden softly in Danzig—but for all that 'Der Tag' is close.

Eyes *on* Danzig

By HERMANN RAUSCHNING

From the *Spectator*
London Conservative Weekly

FOR many years the National Socialist campaign in Danzig has been prepared for what may now take place at any moment. For many years there have been nightly arrivals from the East Prussian frontier, from the seacoast—in smuggler tramps and special motor-cars—of large quantities of arms for the Free City. Danzig, which under its statute, can have no army, merely a police force, is at present in possession of everything in the way of arms and ammunition that can be utilized for the purposes of military defense or for a *Putsch*—tanks, shells, heavy artillery, flame-throwers, infantry and other artillery. For years the National Socialist Senate of Danzig, pursuing its action under the very eyes of the League of Nations Commissioner in Danzig, has compelled the young people of the City, in defiance of the Constitution, to perform their military service in Germany. All those trained reservists have been recalled. They are completed by special S.S. and S.A. detachments sent to Danzig in the guise of tourists. Everything has been prepared to enable a number of fully armed divisions to repeat the incident that took place in the sixteenth century, when Danzig dared on its own account to wage war against the Polish sovereign.

But there are also other preparations. Within the Free City itself, the flower of the most brutal troops of the German S.S. are prepared to simulate a revolution, and to create in practice a situation calculated to menace world-peace. Pogroms against the Polish minority, attacks upon the rights recognized to Poland by treaty, against the munition-dump on the Westerplatte, the harbor rights and the Polish post, terrorism directed against the Polish customs officials, the Polish Commissioner General and the High Commissioner of the League of Nations are designed to show that Danzig is no longer willing to accept the symbols of Polish sovereignty in the Free City. The idea is to remove

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all these institutions at one stroke, and thereby to destroy the Polish rights in Danzig. The intention is also that this shall not take place without bloodshed.

According to the constitution of the Free City, it is Poland's right and duty to intervene in the event of disturbances that cannot be quelled by the Danzig authorities, first with police forces to support the Danzig police; then with the Polish troops. If Poland abstains, this is capitulation in the face of terrorism, and amounts to the renunciation of the Polish rights in Danzig. If, on the other hand, it intervenes—and this is the crux of the National Socialist plan—it offers the National Socialists the desired opportunity to proclaim that Poland is attempting to subjugate Danzig by violence. This would afford Hitler an argument which he has not yet been able to use in order to unleash an explosion of national feeling and general enthusiasm for war with Poland.

If Poland intervened to restore order, this would offer the Danzig Government an opportunity to resist the Polish action by force of arms. If Danzig could only hold out for a few hours against the Polish divisions, if there were bloodshed, and thereby the will of the Free City to maintain itself were demonstrated, if Poland could be put in the wrong—this would not only afford Germany a universally justified pretext to intervene, but it is clear that England and France would take up the case. It would be easy to divide public opinion in the west and to mislead it. This is the plan of which I have just been informed from an especially reliable source. The apprehension has also been expressed that a general conflagration must inevitably follow, since Poland would be unable to accept such a solution of the Danzig problem without an irreparable loss of prestige. This plan was communicated to me in the hope that if its authors were warned that their intentions were known, there might be some means of avoiding a world war on the subject of Danzig.

II

I am convinced that this plan actually exists. In January, 1937, I was informed of a completely similar plan. It was given up at the eleventh hour. And in my earlier political position, I have also had knowledge of attempts to equip an army in Danzig, and to bring about the reincorporation of the Free City in the Reich by armed resistance. Since that time the brutality and the audacity of the National Socialist leaders in Danzig have considerably increased. No means will be neglected. We have already the example of the burning of the Reichstag building, and Danzig possesses many fine old relics and monuments for whose destruction Poland might be made responsible.

Daily I receive appeals to save Danzig from these desperadoes, who would not hesitate to unleash a world war in order to achieve their aims. And I have just received one, whose authors must remain anonymous. It is signed by members of old patrician families, who have resided for centuries in the city and in the surrounding country, and are not alien Bavarians like the National Socialist *Gauleiter*, or socially unclassifiable apatrides like the majority of his band, who have no real interest in the destiny and future

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of this old and famous city. This appeal is addressed 'To all,' and I regard it as my duty to publish it:—

'The eyes of the whole world are fixed upon Danzig, but the population of this State is not authorized to raise its voice. It has to tolerate the circumstance that a country bumpkin of obscure origin can dare to issue proclamations in its name which it does not approve.

'For this reason, the undersigned, belonging to the most different political parties of Danzig, feel obliged, in the name of the overwhelming majority of the German population of Danzig, to make this declaration: —

'We were painfully impressed by the separation of Danzig from its mother-country, but we do not wish our return to the German Reich to be bought at the cost of war and destruction. We are prepared to fulfill the duties laid upon us by the geographical situation, to assure the Polish people of free access to the sea, and to reconcile the German and Polish vital interests in our capacity as a Free City, once the German character of this city is definitely confirmed for all time.

'By a silent acceptance of an anti-constitutional dictatorship of a minority, the voice of Danzig as it really is has been stifled. The time has not come to convict those responsible outside Danzig for the situation. But this renunciation of our rights is in part cause of the present situation, which cannot be changed until these rights are restored. For this reason, we regard the solution of the problem of Danzig as only possible, as for all questions now menacing the peace of Europe, when right and law again prevail also in Germany. In the interest of world peace, support not only the victory of law in Danzig; help the German people to secure a voice in deciding its own destiny in freedom and law.'

I know that this desperate appeal of a maltreated and oppressed nation will not easily receive a hearing. But it is also an expression of the real sentiments of the German people, which are as anxious for peace as any other people on earth.

Haagsche Post

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The former High Commissioner to Palestine analyzes the White Paper; a German writer reviews the Arab situation.

Near East Imbroglio

I. Where the White Paper Fails

By Viscount Samuel

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

FROM the outset the hopes were small that the conferences in London would bring about any formal agreement between the representatives of the Arabs and of the Jews in Palestine. But at least it was possible that the divergences might have been narrowed; and that the British Government might then announce a policy to bridge the gap, which neither side perhaps would accept, but which neither would vehemently oppose. The conferences brought no approximation. And the policy now set out in the White Paper, while it may meet with some acquiescence on the Arab side, was bound to arouse, and has instantly aroused, the bitterest opposition from the Jews.

For my own part, I have long urged the need for a compromise solution. Both sides have points of justice in their case. There was an earnest desire throughout the world that the British Government would put forward a plan which reasonable men everywhere could urge upon the contending parties as being on the whole right and fair. It must regretfully be said that this is not such a plan.

There are several points in the White Paper which should command widespread assent, although they may be unwelcome to one side or the other. It is constantly said that the troubles in Palestine originate in the British Government, during the War, having given contradictory pledges—promising Palestine to the Arabs in 1915 in Sir Henry McMahon's formal undertaking as to the future Arab domains; and promising it also to the Jews in the Balfour Declaration two years later.

The White Paper points out once more that there is no truth in either part of that contention. It repeats categorically that the McMahon letter excluded Palestine west of the Jordan from the promise to the Arabs; the reasons are overwhelming for accepting that view of the dis-

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puted passage. And it recalls yet again that the Balfour Declaration promised no more than that a Jewish National Home might be established *in Palestine*, and said nothing about a Jewish State. Rightly, the Government 'now declares unequivocally that it is not part of their policy that Palestine should become a Jewish State.'

It is satisfactory, also, that there is no reversion to the proposals to divide Palestine into Arab and Jewish areas, whether called States or cantons. The conditions of the country render impossible, in my judgment, any solution based on territorial divisions. The Peel Commission, having most unhappily accepted that principle, was reduced to recommending a 'Jewish State' in which the Arabs would have constituted 46 per cent of the population. The majority of the Woodhead Commission could only suggest a 'Jewish State' limited to a derisory little patch of land along the coast.

No doubt areas might be delimited within which purchase of Arab lands by Jews should be prohibited or restricted (although the provision as to this in the White Paper is too unqualified). And no doubt there are districts where local government would be predominantly, or even wholly, in the hands of one section or the other. But any attempt to solve the fundamental political question by drawing boundary lines on a map is, I am convinced, doomed to failure.

II

Further, there will be general agreement that the Government is right not to attempt now any complete settlement of the question of a consitution. It must be approached by stages. Representative institutions are necessary, but elections at the present time are obviously impossible. Indeed, the policy now propounded is open to criticism on the ground that it does not carry the principle of stages far enough. 'No one can foretell the future, not even those who make it.' It would have been wiser for the Government not to have tried to lay down what is to happen five years hence and ten years hence. The conditions may very possibly have been changed altogether by then. If the suggestions of a Confederation of Arab States should come to fruition meanwhile, the whole Palestinian question would appear in a different light.

Particularly is it unwise to try to command the future in the vital matter of immigration. For the next five years Jewish immigration is to be reduced to perhaps one-half of the volume that the economic conditions would be likely to permit. At the end of five years it is to stop altogether, 'unless the Arabs of Palestine are prepared to acquiesce in it.' Why should they acquiesce in it? It is this provision, more than any other, which must compel the Jews of Palestine, and their sympathizers everywhere, to oppose the Government plan.

The paragraphs in the White Paper which deal with this matter are singularly unconvincing. It is stated that there are two alternatives—one to allow indefinite Jewish immigration so that the Arabs might be swamped; the other to allow further immigration only with Arab consent. In the very next sentences the White Paper itself shows that these are not the only alternatives. The Arab claim that all Jewish immigration should be stopped forthwith is rejected on the ground

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that it 'would be unjust to the Jewish National Home,' and during the next five years 75,000 immigrants are to be admitted.

Under which of the two alternatives is that permissible? And if it is permissible for five years, why should it not be permissible afterwards—on precisely the same ground, that to do otherwise would be unjust to the Jewish enterprise in Palestine? That enterprise has commanded the respect and admiration of all who have seen it. The Peel Commission reported, 'It is impossible, we believe, for any unprejudiced observer to see the National Home and not to wish it well.' But the plan of the White Paper would strangle it.

There is that third choice—to permit for a period of years a regulated immigration; not so small as would be 'unjust to the Jewish National Home,' and not so vast as to arouse the fears of the Arab population that they will be submerged and dominated. At the end of that period, when, it may be hoped, the violence of animosities may have been mitigated, let the question be reconsidered in the light of the conditions of the time. Palestine is war-weary. For the sake of peace both sides might well agree now to a pact such as this.

At any rate, the White Paper is not the last word. As the policy stands it can bring no settlement.

II. Arabia Awake!

By Diplomaticus

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*, Berlin National-Socialist Monthly

In a review of the press of the past few weeks, we find daily reports from the Arab countries of riots and manifestations against their imperialist oppressors. England and France have a dominion over almost all the Arab States. These are colonies, mandated territories, or states otherwise administered. It is the tragic fate of the Arab peoples that they—who during the World War were enticed by Entente promises of future independence to rise against Germany and her allies—live today under the whip hand of their so-called 'allies.' Even the slightest tendency among the Arab States to make contact with us or with Italy is regarded as a sacrilege. One only need remember the poisonous language of the British press when, at the beginning of the year, the Government of the Yemen dared to enter into economic negotiations with the Italian Government. It was immediately claimed that Italy intended to annex parts of the Yemen's territory, and that therefore England would be forced to take military precautions on the Yemen borders. At the time, the Arab press denounced the British threats toward the Iman of Yemen in biting terms.

Or, for example, take the Hadhramaut, which had led a peaceful existence under the government of a native sultan and a council of elders until last year, when British warships appeared and brought about a new order. The facts were confirmed by the British press itself. One London

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newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, wrote that 'there is an inconspicuous little war underway in the extreme south of Arabia, by which 33,000 square miles of independent Arab territory are practically being incorporated into the British Empire.'

It is difficult to gain a clear picture of the situation in the Arab countries from the European press. The French Government permits only what suits its purposes to get into newspapers with regard to Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and the mandated territories in the Near East; England, too, sees to it that only innocuous accounts appear, especially concerning the Arab peninsula. The world outside must not know that the natives are hostile to their 'saviors.'

II

To appreciate the Arab problem, most of us need a picture of the Arab world. Geographically, the Arab sphere extends from Gibraltar to Shat el Arab on the Persian Gulf, and North to Aleppo-Mossul on the Turkish border. In Africa, Morocco—with a strong Berber element—Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and Egypt are Arab; the Arab sections of Asia are the French mandated territories of Lebanon and Syria (with the Djebel Druse and the State of Latakia), the British mandate of Palestine, the Kingdom of Iraq, the Emirate of Transjordan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Aden, including Perim Island, the Sultanates of Oman and Hadhramaut, which became British protectorates last year, the Bahrein Islands (illegally occupied by the British), Kuweit and numerous smaller Sultanates on the Pirate Coast, the Persian Gulf, or the Arab Sea.

The population of these regions is estimated at approximately sixty million; but the figure is increased by the millions of Arabs living in adjacent regions. Of these sixty millions, approximately seventeen million Arabs live in the French possessions in North Africa, nineteen million in Egypt, one million in Libya, one and one-half million in Palestine and Transjordan, four million in Iraq, four million in Syria and the Lebanon, and about thirteen million in the countries of the Arab Peninsula.

Some day these sixty million people will grow into a world power—as soon as they have become fully conscious of their strength and as soon as they have recognized that all Arabs are racially akin, and must hold together if they are to survive as a people. We shall never live to see the creation of a pan-Arab Reich; the individual Arab countries, in their culture, their habits and their living standards are as yet too heterogeneous. But the concept embodied in the Islam faith which binds them is a strong tie, and not merely a spiritual one.

At the present time, only Italy conducts an intelligent and constructive Arab policy. England and France, on their territories, have never attempted to further Arab welfare. To France and Great Britain, the Arabs are merely objects of exploitation, to be left illiterate and without benefit of culture lest someday they might dare to demand their rights. A cardinal reason for their weakness is, of course, the fact that the Arab States have the misfortune to be situated on England's route to India, or are located near the French coast. In the French view, the Arab colonies are merely a military reservoir of man-power.

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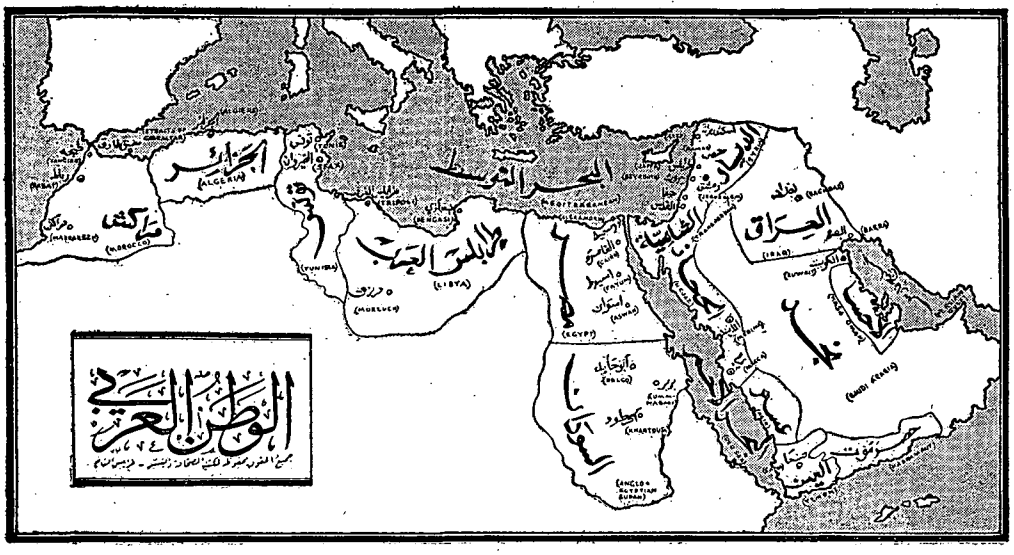
From the time of the Crusades to the World War, we Germans have never clashed with the Arabs. During the World War, it required great persuasion by the British, together with large payments, to make even a part of the Arabs turn against us. It should be mentioned, in exoneration of the Arabs, that despite all attempts at intimidation and persuasion, more of them fought on our side—on the side of the Turkish allies—than on that of the enemy.

Thus we note with some resentment, especially in the last few months, that some signs of hostility toward us have appeared in the Arab press—articles which frequently show a deliberate misunderstanding of the New Germany. In investigating the source of these outbursts, we find that they can all be traced to England and to world Jewry, both of whom are constantly striving to persuade the Arabs that Germany and Italy are preparing an armed invasion to subjugate them. By means of forged documents and false evidence, an attempt is being made to show that the Axis Powers keep tanks and airplane squadrons in readiness for attacks upon the Arabs. We must permit the historical facts to speak, to enlighten the Arabs as to the identity of the nations that cause their misery, that keep them in a state of subjugation.

The strongest Arab country in Africa today is Egypt, with which Germany has been linked by close ties of friendship since ancient times. Accordingly, it is with deep regret that we witness the press campaign against us, now underway for more than a year and from which not even such a journal as *Al-Ahram*, the largest newspaper in the Arab world, is free. Although it surprises us that in these friendly Arab States nothing is done to halt this campaign, we do understand that the Jewish press in Egypt, which is quite influential, agitates against the New Germany and



Map issued by the Bagdad Government, showing extent of pan-Arabic ethnic and cultural elements.

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publishes atrocity stories of all kinds — especially horror tales which come from transient Jewish emigrants; but we do not understand why the vernacular press attacks the Reich. We have never expressed aspirations in regard to Egypt, nor have we criticized or disparaged Egyptian institutions in the German press. Moreover, the intentions of our Axis partner, the Italians, are also of an economic and peaceful nature. Italy desires a reduction on the Suez Canal tolls, and an appropriate representation in the administration of that waterway.

We can only accredit the press campaigns against us to a calculated agitation on the part of Great Britain which, to secure for herself a stronger position in the country, projects a non-existent German menace. For example, it is alleged that German troops are ready to attack Egypt from the Libyan frontier, and that German agents have already perfected plans for the destruction of the Suez Canal. England, of course, will help 'threatened' Egypt and in return demands a stronger foothold in Alexandria. Former President Sidky Pasha understandably asserted last year in the Egyptian Parliament that although he was in favor of the Anglo-Egyptian alliance, he did not accept an interpretation which would embroil Egypt in European conflicts, permitting her ally military precautions but robbing Egypt of her freedom of action. He regarded it as vital that the country should remain in a position to take defense measures as she saw fit, and especially that she should not be prevented, by the alliance, from formulating a foreign policy that protected her own borders. Similarly, he denounced plans for the conversion of Alexandria into a British naval base, and maintained that this important port should not be made a potential center of hostilities and a threat to other Powers. Finally, he had the courage to recommend for adoption various regulations successfully employed in Germany. This attitude should encourage us to retain confidence in Egypt's friendship for Germany.

III

Our interest in the development of the Arab States in the Near East is even greater than our interest in the Arab States in Africa. The history of the former reveals clearly the double-dealing policy of the British and the French. During the World War, when they arrived at a deadlock on the Asiatic war front, they asked the Arabs for help, and promised them an independent pan-Arab nation in return for their military assistance. Of their many promises of support in the establishment of a pan-Arab nation in Asia, only a small fraction has been kept. The founding of the Kingdom of Iraq was effected, and, since it has regained independence, has attracted tens of thousands of Arabs. Even so, the British military airdromes control the country. At various times, Iraq patriots have tried to break their bonds, but have instead always submitted to British control.

Essentially, the population of Iraq is pro-German. Even though there are occasionally attacks upon us in the Iraq press, these are usually of a trivial nature. As long ago as the World War we had many friends among the tribes of Iraq, and it is to be hoped that this friendship will be strengthened.

In Palestine, the British have cre-

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ated a conglomerate state which neither the Arabs nor the Jews enjoy. To survive, the country will sooner or later be forced to join forces with the Arab hinterland in the East or the North. The many attempts of the British to effect a settlement between Arabs and Jews by administrative laws or by conferences have failed. The Arabs will never make concessions to the British in regard to additional Jewish immigration—that is the road to suicide. After the events of the last few years, the Arabs have grown convinced that the British want the schism between the Arabs and Jews to widen so they may have a pretext to remain in Palestine. It is no coincidence that England has transformed the port of Haifa into a first-class war base, or that the Mossul pipe-line has been moved to Haifa. Nor will Britain get out of Southern Palestine, since it is clear she intends to build a new canal from the Mediterranean through the desert to the Gulf of Aqaba, should the Suez Canal some day no longer be available to her ships.

In Syria, the French have shown the same attitude. For decades they have procrastinated, putting off the Syrians with all manner of treaties and promises. As soon as the date of redemption was due, the French found a new reason to retreat. The Syrian Arabs have gradually come to realize that France does not want an independent Syria. She wants to remain there, especially since great oil wells have been tapped in the northern part of the country. The Syrians who, according to their 1936 treaty with the French, had relied on complete independence during the course of this year, are now completely disillusioned and have fallen back on their old Arab claims. The number of Syrians who desire to join Iraq, because they are convinced that they will never be able to survive if cut off from the sea, is growing every day. By creating the state of Lebanon, on the Syrian coast, which is completely under their thumb, and is treated as a colony, the French have deprived the Syrians of free development and of any outlet for their products to the sea.

With respect to the German attitude toward these mandated territories, it should be mentioned that our influence has constantly grown during the past few years. Despite the British and French lies, the Arabs in these territories have come to realize that the promises of London and Paris are illusory. Most of the Arab press in these countries is very pro-German. Our trade relations with the territories have developed favorably, which would have been impossible unless there had been a degree of sympathy for Germany among the natives.

The only Arab State in Asia which has dared to act contrary to British wishes is Saudi Arabia. Recently, we have installed a legation at Djeddah to give material expression to our friendship for Ibn Saud. As a result, a vicious press campaign was immediately launched against us by the British. We know very well that this press campaign is approved neither by the Saudi Arabian Government nor by the population, but that it is incited by merely a handful. For that reason we may ignore it, since we know that truth will prevail and that the Arab peoples will realize who their true friends are.

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A modern Peer Gynt lures an unwary listener into a fantastic adventure.

The Viking

By ALBERT JAROSY

From the *Fortnightly*
London Independent Monthly

HE WAS shown into my studio one afternoon. Tall, fair, with the shoulders of a wrestler, he greeted me with the winning smile of the man who need have no hesitation about exhibiting his entire set of teeth.

He had heard about me, and had come straight along. No sherry for him, thank you; but might he have a glass of milk? And he laughed like a mountain giant in the springtime, lighted his pipe and settled himself comfortably in his chair.

When he heard that I had never been to Norway, his looks expressed the profoundest pity. How incredible —never in *Norge!* And he launched out into a description that fascinated me. The sea, the fjords, the majestic landscape and the endless solitude!

It sounded like the suites of old Grieg and the boisterous music of Sinding. The Viking began talking of music. Where he came from, musicians had a glorious time. The State, sir, saw to their well-being, they were pampered!

Lucky Norwegians! thought I.

The Viking knocked out his pipe, looked at the clock and declared he was enjoying himself so much that he had forgotten the time. But before he left he would like to discuss a matter of importance with me. The main object of his journey was to engage a musician of note who could conduct the Opera in his native town. He was convinced that I was the right man, and if I was prepared to leave Paris. . . . The terms he mentioned exceeded my boldest expectations.

'Think the thing over, and wire me your decision. I shall be at home in two days' time.'

When he had left the studio, I wondered whether the Viking were not the creature of a dream. But he wasn't. One morning there came a letter from him, the notepaper headed with the inscription 'Norwegian National Theatre.' My patron wrote that everything was satisfactorily settled. As I was to begin conducting the Opera in the autumn, he suggested I should

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spend the summer in the country, so as to get accustomed to their ways—as his guest, needless to say.

II

Three weeks later I took the boat at Rotterdam. My first long sea-trip! It was glorious! We entered the harbor late in the afternoon of the following day. What a picture! The town, surrounded by hills, the warehouses on the quay, the churches, silhouetted against the delicate tones of the sky—and the sudden, spontaneous chorus of the passengers, who for sheer joy at seeing their native land again were singing '*Ja, vi elsker dette land.*'

The boat landed. I looked in vain for the Viking. Had he not received my telegram? A taxi conveyed me over the bumpy macadam of the harbor quarter with its old-fashioned houses and narrow streets. But ere long the picture changed. Tall buildings in the latest style seemed planted haphazard about the town; even the hotel at which we drew up suffered from megalomania.

Having introduced myself to the proprietor as the future conductor of the Opera, I inquired if he knew the Viking.

'Who doesn't?' he asked laughing. 'But did you say you were going to perform an Opera here?'

'Yes, that is, I'm going to conduct your Opera.'

'I'm sorry, but we have no Opera.'

'And the National Theatre?'

'Is an old wooden building of the eighteenth century which contains a museum. Olaf is so fantastic!'

He pointed to his forehead. The affair was beginning to look a bit sinister, and I said I must see the Viking at once. The landlord glanced at the clock.

'You won't find him at home now. He's playing the double bass in a pub outside the town. But come into the bar and I'll introduce you to Herr Kalsen; he writes for the evening paper, and will be able to put you wise.'

In the dim light of the wainscotted bar several men sat over their port wine. The one in the furthest corner was Kalsen. The landlord introduced us and left us together.

I described the Viking's visit, and the way everything had since developed. Kalsen drummed nervously on the table.

'I'm frightfully sorry it should have happened to you of all people,' he said, 'but there is unfortunately no doubt that Olaf is completely mad. Not only have we no Opera, but we couldn't possibly support one in our little town. How could you believe Olaf at sight like that?'

'Why should he deceive me?'

'Because you received him in a friendly way, he liked you and was only too glad to play the part of patron to you. What was to happen afterwards didn't worry him for a moment.'

'How can they leave a man like that at liberty?' I cried, beside myself.

'To understand that you must have been born here. Everybody knows everybody, knows what happened in the lifetime of their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers; and nobody will take upon himself to prosecute a child of the town. Olaf belongs to it as much as the church towers and the old guild-houses. He is the Fool, without whom the towns-

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folk and the shopkeepers would have nothing to laugh at.'

'I feel damned little like laughing myself,' I broke in.

'People read *Peer Gynt*, and think the hero is an imaginary figure. But I could show you a dozen chaps like that, fascinating liars, with demonic powers of conviction, and no interested motive. They invent the maddest things, and why? Because they have gone crazy from solitude, or from the monotony and narrowness of their lives. They go abroad, adopt a rôle that they come to believe in themselves, get into trouble, and finally seek refuge in flight, back to their home, where everybody knows them and nothing can happen to them, because nobody holds them responsible. People say "That's Olaf all over! What can one do?" Only last year he ordered an organ in London and had it sent direct to our church. You can imagine the faces of our Pastors! And then there were the actors who turned up one day to shoot a Bjoernson film that not a soul knew anything about!'

I could not help smiling, in spite of my lugubrious feelings. What a fellow!

'Will you go with me to Olaf?' I asked. 'It might be as well if we met again in the presence of a witness.'

III

The car climbed the hill and drew up in front of an inn. Beneath colored lanterns, enveloped in wreaths of blue smoke, girls and youths were dancing. Everyone was screaming and laughing, drunkards bawling. A man was hammering on the piano, accompanied by a violinist, an accordion-player and a boy blowing the trumpet. Above them all towered the athletic form of the Viking, tearing at the strings of the double bass.

Just as we sat down the music stopped. Olaf's eyes met mine. He waved to me from a distance, visibly delighted to see me. Then he stood his instrument against the wall, hurried up to us, and before I was aware of it, had wound his tentacles round me.

'How lovely of you to find your way out here! I can't think how I managed to miss you on the landing-stage. Anyway, the great thing is that you're here. Where are you putting up?'

I gave him the name of the hotel.

'Fine. It will only be for two days anyhow. Then we'll go out to my place in the country—and you must come with us, Kalsen!—and we can have a really good rest there. My sailing-boat is moored there already. How do you like the idea?'

'What about the Opera?' I asked sharply.

'Oh, the Opera! Splendid! I can see you at the head of the orchestra. . . . the overture to *Carmen* . . . ta, ta, tataaa!'

He sang aloud and conducted in the air.

The orchestra began tuning up.

'He's an unfortunate fellow, that pianist,' said the Viking compassionately, 'no talent, no money, and six children to feed. I suppose you don't happen to have five kroner on you? I should like to give him something, but forgot to get any change. Thank you so much. I'll let you have it back tomorrow.'

We left the pub to the strains of a polka.

What now? I asked myself that evening, when at last I was alone again in my room at the hotel. Should

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I return by the next boat, and confess to my friends that I had lapped up the babblings of a lunatic—cover myself with ridicule, in fact? To bring the Viking to justice was out of the question. He was officially mad, and hadn't a bean. I could see no way out.

In the morning there came a knocking at my door and the Viking entered.

'Had a good rest?' he cried, 'We're off to the sea today! I've sent the orchestra to the devil. Hurry up and dress, Kalsen is waiting downstairs; I brought him with me.'

He stood there, brimming over with the joy of life, and although nobody had ever got me into such an awful mess, I was incapable of being angry with him. I hurried over my breakfast, and we started off. The car was soon beyond the outskirts of the town. On our right were wooded hills, on our left a narrow strip of sea, now hidden behind rocks, now coming into view again a little widened. It was like a grandiose theatrical *décor*, designed as a background to the figures of the nordic sagas.

The Viking talked unceasingly; Kalsen smoked his pipe and was all eyes, dazzled with so much beauty.

IV

The car stopped at a turning in the road. We got out, took our suitcases and followed the Viking as he led the way. Far below, amid trees and bushes lay a red-painted house, beside the jetty a slender white yacht, and before us the sea in emerald green. A wide-stretching bay, from whose opposite shore the rocks were reflected in deep blue.

'Isn't that beautiful?' cried the Viking.

'Wonderful!' I replied.

'Do you regret having experienced such a sight?'

Was he expecting me to thank him for having swindled me? We climbed down over the rocks and reached the house, in which Olaf had prepared everything for our reception.

'I can't imagine how he's contrived it,' muttered Kalsen. 'Only this morning he borrowed ten kroner from me again, and now he's playing host to us.'

The Viking was in the happiest of moods, roasting chickens, opening countless tins, unpacking an army of bottles. The meal lasted more than two hours.

Olaf talked about the Opera without the least embarrassment, about the new members I should have to engage, and was prepared to help me select the women singers. I was dumbfounded by his impudence.

When we were taking our siesta on the grass after lunch—Kalsen had gone to look at the boat—the Viking said, heaving a great sigh: 'You take my advice, my friend, let the Opera and all that rubbish go hang, and stay here! What good will it do you to perform music to our shopkeepers? They don't know the first thing about it; they sit there with their eyes popping out like codfishes. It really isn't worth while; it's a waste of one's best years.'

'You thought otherwise in Paris,' I couldn't help remarking.

'Paris! How can you compare Paris with our town? Do you know what I would suggest to you? We'll stay here, catching fish, cooking for ourselves, inviting a couple of pretty girls now and then, and letting the whole world slide. You won't be dull with me, I

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can promise you. In the winter we'll go over to the Laplanders.'

He shut his eyes, breathed deeply, and after a while I heard him snoring aloud. I went to look for Kalsen.

We went for a sail on the fjord before supper, the Viking bawling out his songs, Kalsen at the helm, and I in the strangest frame of mind I had ever known, happy to be free of all trammels, bound to no time. And later on we sat up for a long while, drinking each other's healths, friends who were never to part again.

The following evening Olaf was suddenly obliged to go back to the town, promising to return next day. He did not come back. But in his stead came a total stranger, who wanted to know if I had decided to buy the house. It turned out that he was the owner of the property, whom Olaf had persuaded that I had come from Paris on purpose to buy a country house in Norway. Wouldn't it be a good thing to ask me out there for a couple of days and entertain me, so that I might fall in love with the place?

That was how the Viking had contrived to play the amiable host! What could we do but laugh at each other? Even the deluded stranger could not bring himself to be angry. He insisted on our regarding ourselves really as his guests, and would not hear of our leaving. So we stayed on with him.

And the Viking? He went off to Sweden, and sent me a postcard saying I must follow him at once, for he had found me a splendid post! He had had an audience with the King, His Majesty wanted to see me, and 'everything was O.K.!'

Tranquillity

In this quiet room, at this quiet time
In anxious Europe, things come casually
To our sensation. The innocent light hangs
Over the roadway, still the hedge fulfills
Its civil job, the tree sounds slightly
Like the sea, and the accepted rain is slight.

Stand at the window. The cigarette
Is warm, your clock ticks calmly.
This seems the quiet of our two neighbors,
And the moral law, in which the normal
Nights and weeks go by, things are themselves
And seldom metaphors or noticed, and the symbols
From the rain and blackness do not,
As now, so actively engage us.

—Geoffrey Grigson in the *Spectator*, London

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A Chinese contributor to a Japanese magazine berates the Kuomintang; a Shanghai editor discusses the paradox of the German-Japanese alliance.

Eastern Repercussions

I. China and the Kuomintang

By Ling Chi-hung

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

CHINA has been under the despotic rule of the Kuomintang for about ten years. But, outside of China, very little is actually known about the all-powerful Kuomintang which is different from either the Fascist Party of Italy, the Nazi Party of Germany or the Communist Party of Soviet Russia. Perhaps their only similarity lies in the fact that all of them never allow any other party to coëxist, and any opposition or the slightest difference of opinion in their own countries must be suppressed by all forms of brutality.

As a political party, the Kuomintang, or the Citizens' Party, came into existence in 1912. But as early as 1892, the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Kuomintang, gathered together a few anti-Manchu patriots and organized the China Reconstruction Society with the sole object of overthrowing the alien rulers. It had the financial support of the Chinese overseas whose ancestors had escaped to foreign countries mostly during the Tai Ping Rebellion and who entertained intense hatred against the Manchus. Branch offices of this society were soon to be found in Yokohama and later in different parts of Europe and America.

In August, 1905, Dr. Sun, after many futile efforts, realized the necessity of a better organization for his revolutionary activities and, together with the famous General Huang Hsin, Wang Chao-min, Hu Han-min and many students, he formed in Tokyo the Tung Meng Hwei, or the Great Alliance. The chief object of this new party was the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and the establishment of a republic. The popular doctor was elected President of the Tung Meng Hwei, to be assisted by three committees. Branches were established in

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most cities of foreign countries where there were large numbers of Chinese settlers. Through the *Min Pao*, a mouthpiece of the Tung Meng Hwei, Dr. Sun, in December, 1905, issued an important statement to the effect that upon the establishment of the future republic all lands of the country would be owned by the State, and the people of China and Japan should unite. Here it must be noted that Dr. Sun advocated close coöperation between China and Japan from beginning to end, although he did lean to Soviet Russia for assistance toward the end of his life. It is his followers who have failed to carry out his instructions.

A successful revolution broke out in Wuchang in 1911, and members of the Tung Meng Hwei claimed that it was the fruit of their efforts. Dr. Sun hurried back from America to become the Provisional President of the Chinese Republic from January 1 to April 1, 1912. Upon his retirement, he devoted himself to the formation of the Kuomintang to replace the loosely-organized Tung Meng Hwei.

At the same time there appeared the Chinputang, or Progressive Party, in opposition to the Kuomintang. The Chinputang was chiefly composed of former officials of the now defunct Manchu Dynasty and other conservative elements. Among its leaders there were such illustrious politicians as Liang Chi-chao, Lin Chang-min and Tang Hua-lung, who had the silent support of Yuan Shih-kai, successor to Dr. Sun as President of the Chinese Republic. In short the Chinputang stood for evolution while the Kuomintang advocated revolution for the reconstruction of China. The two struggled for supremacy in the new parliament for many years.

It was shortly before his death that Dr. Sun showed his inclination toward Communism. He sent General Chiang Kai-shek, an unknown man at that time, and several others to Soviet Russia to reach an understanding with the Communist Party. Marshal Bluecher, then known as General Galens, and Comrade Borodin came to Canton to assist in the reorganization of the Kuomintang along Communist lines.

It is true that the dramatic victory of the Kuomintang army against the Northern militarists headed by Marshals Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu in 1927 and 1928 was partly due to the training of the Russian instructors. The present catastrophe of China, however, can also be traced to the Soviet influence left over from that time. The reason is that when the so-called Anti-North Expedition was sent out from Canton, the people in the different provinces were tired of the greedy hirelings of the Northern Government and were therefore ready to receive the newcomers with open arms. Typical of their Soviet teachers, the Kuomintang men are past masters of propaganda, and were quick to win popular approval by putting up slogans like 'Down with the rotten officials' and 'Down with the tyrannical gentry.'

II

Later General Chiang broke away from Soviet Russia for reasons of his own. Both Bluecher and Borodin fled for their lives. His chief lieutenants, like T. V. Soong, H. H. Kung and Sun Fo, who are all close relatives, and are also returned students from the United States, advised him to

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look to England and America for financial and other forms of support. So this Kuomintang leader changed front again and narrowed down his target of attack to Japan alone. Encouraged by their military success against the Northern war lords, the Kuomintang politicians have always looked upon Japan with scorn.

But there are two other important factors which prompted the Kuomintang leaders to adopt an anti-Japanese policy. First, members of the 'new royal family' were very anxious to direct all the attention of the people against some foreign country so that they would not become interested in home politics, particularly when the intellectuals began to show signs of dissatisfaction with the tyranny and corruption of their new rulers. As it has been the traditional policy of China to attack a close neighbor and befriend a distant one, Japan has been chosen as an imaginary enemy of China for convenience' sake. Today things have come to such a pass that anti-Japanism means patriotism to every Kuomintang member, and anyone who refuses to be anti-Japanese is looked upon as a traitor.

In the second place, until the outbreak of the present war, the Central Office of the Kuomintang set aside eight million dollars every month for propaganda work throughout the country. The instructions given to their underlings were that General Chiang Kai-shek must be idolized and Japan denounced. Failing to accomplish these ends, such funds were to be withheld, and the controlled press of the country was ordered to play to any tune that these Kuomintang rulers might think fit.

The result is that anti-Japanese agitation has been raging for the past ten years, and a major war which has already cost fifteen provinces of China is in progress. The Chinese people as a whole, however, have never subscribed to the policy of the Kuomintang. The intellectuals are aroused at the idea of taxation without representation as no parliament has ever been called under the Kuomintang rule. Many professors and journalists who dared to express their opinions about the government openly were put to death. Thousands of youthful students were killed either as reactionaries or as Communists without any form of trial. Merchants are dissatisfied because they have been bled white by heavy taxation and numerous national bonds. Even laborers are disgruntled at the oppression of the labor unions which have been controlled by the Tang Pu men.

III

From time immemorial the Chinese have been a very democratic people. Sons of laborers were given a chance to climb to the highest rung on the ladder of officialdom. Now the Kuomintang rulers never allow the commoners, no matter how talented they are, to hold important positions in the government which must be given to T. V. Soong, H. H. Kung, Sun Fo and other favored relatives of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The National Government has always been called a brother-in-law government.

After ten years of the Kuomintang rule China has been reduced to a condition similar to that existing in the last days of the Roman Empire. The wealth of the whole nation is in the hands of a privileged few, while

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the toiling masses are left to starve. China is known to be one of the poorest countries of the world, but Mrs. H. H. Kung, sister of Madame Chiang, has recently become the richest woman on earth through the sale of offices and through speculation by manipulation.

Popular anger has been aroused to such a point that the mere mention of the name of any member of the new royal family suggests corruption. A bloody revolution against the Kuomintang tyranny was only averted by the Sino-Japanese hostilities. Therefore, at the outbreak of the present war, most people refused to subscribe to the so-called salvation bonds on the ground that under the Kuomintang rule there are only tyrants and slaves, and the common people, who have no voice in the government at all, are only citizens by grace, and not by right. These selfish politicians turned to the people for support only when they were faced with annihilation.

After the elimination of the Kuomintang from Chinese politics, there will be the birth of a new China. With a new China free from all vices and dissension, and in close coöperation with Japan and other countries, there will be peace—permanent peace—in Eastern Asia.

II. Will Japan Abandon the Axis?

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

A YEAR ago there was still some doubt as to whether or not the German-Japanese alliance was worth while for either party. Germany, and Italy, in the second place, were then China's biggest suppliers of arms and ammunition, as clearly revealed by the official Chinese customs returns, under the innocent-looking heading 'miscellaneous.' The figures in this column were much smaller before the war and have tremendously increased ever since the outbreak of hostilities. At the time when Germany recalled her advisers, she also promised to be good in future and not deliver any more arms to the naughty Chinese. Yet only recently *Havas* message from Berlin reported that General Oshima, the Japanese Ambassador, had called upon the German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop with a request that Germany immediately discontinue selling arms and munitions to the Chinese Government. Shortly after this, news was received that a new Sino-German barter agreement had been concluded. Apparently the Fatherland stands very much in need of foreign exchange, and precisely like the famous Roman Emperor who taxed the *cloaka maxima*, decided that money does not stink. It must be remembered, besides, that General von Falkenhausen, head of the German advisers, was generally credited with having contributed to the victorious outcome of the battle of Taierhchwang for China.

While thus Japan in many ways got cold comfort from her partner in the all-Aryan Axis, Germany also has been getting more than merely love and kisses. German newspapermen and German business men in China

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have suffered almost as much at the hands of the Japanese as have nationals of other countries, not in alliance with Japan. Japanese action in China threatens to destroy Germany's most promising market, a fact which the German Chamber of Commerce clearly realized and about which the Germans in China have repeatedly protested. The Italians also had their share of unpleasant experiences. Due to Japanese smuggling, the local rayon market for a time suffered a complete collapse and during many months, not a single bale of Italian rayon was sold in this city.

Though it is fashionable now to lump together the three 'Fascist' states, Germany, Italy and Japan, the fact that their social structure is far from identical should not be overlooked. It is not surprising to find that in consequence of this, there are also ideological divergencies galore.

In the first place, it cannot be seriously maintained that Japan is 'Fascist.' In Japan there is, unlike Germany and Italy, a direct and unbroken connection with the feudal past. There is no mass movement supporting the government. The latter rests on unquestioning obedience rather than on active support. Innumerable schemes for replacing the traditional parties, or merging them into one, or by some other means concocting a new Fascist Frankenstein of nation-wide appeal, have come to naught, in spite of influential backing. In Japan, there is no secret police nor are there semi-military organizations of the European model.

The racial theories of Germany are too well known to need elaborating here. If the Nazi viewpoint is carried to its logical conclusion, a feat which some of the more rabid Nazis seem quite willing and able to perform, an alliance of the Nordic heroes with an inferior colored people must, of course, be entirely out of the question.

Unfortunately—or shall we say fortunately for the rest of the world—the more violent among the Japanese Empire-builders are in a perfect position to beat the Nazis on their own ideological ground. Japan, the chosen country of Amatarasu-no-kami, the Sun Goddess, was created first and foremost, the inferior outer world came into being at a later date. The countries of the 'Setting Sun'—a phrase by which the Japanese papers are wont to refer to Europe and America—have no future whatever. Their sordid materialism is overdue for replacement. The rising tide of spiritual values emanating from the cherry blossom country will swamp them into deserved oblivion.

These Japanese pet ideologies contain the dynamite of future upheavals. Their potential appeal to the peoples of Asia is enormous. Should Japan ever turn from her present path of conquest, which indicates all too clearly that she is merely bent upon replacing white domination and exploitation by her own, and after experiencing that change of heart, make up her mind to step warily, her influence is bound to increase rather than decrease. Any Westerner who these days allows himself the costly luxury of racial prejudice is merely adding fuel to the flames of another future holocaust.

II

Considering these matters from a practical point of view, the divergencies between Japan and Germany may

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even be said to be emotional rather than merely ideological, potentially at least. At any rate, the incongruity is wide enough to supply ample raw material for the push-button press of the nations concerned, should their masters ever find it opportune to whip up warlike feelings rather than those in the fashion at present.

Any realistic appraisal of the situation will at once arrive at the conclusion that the two countries cannot render each other much direct assistance, for lack of geographic proximity, if for no other reason. It is true enough that Japan is now swarming with German advisers and that her 'Six-Year-Plan' for rearmament offers some scope for German coöperation. Yet it is by far not as beneficial to the Reich as it might be if Japan were able to dispense with large amounts of foreign currency. In this connection it is of interest to note that Germany and 'Manchukuo' have concluded a barter agreement which practically amounts to paying for German industrial aid with agricultural products, mainly soya beans.

On the other hand, Germany continues riding the fence in China. While one German news agency is strongly pro-Japanese, the other one continues to be pro-Chinese. The outcome of the war is still uncertain and Germany does not want to be in bad with any potential victors or survivors.

All this does not mean that the alliance is without value. Admiral Suetsugu, the Japanese Minister of the Interior, was quite right in saying about a year ago that Japan is utilizing Germany to threaten and check Russia in the Far East and that she is using Italy to check Great Britain, thus succeeding in creating serious difficulties for her most important antagonists. Politically, Germany and Italy are getting exactly the same things out of the alliance that Japan gets out of it. If Russia and Britain were free of Far Eastern troubles, Germany and Italy would be far less successful in Europe. This is the real significance of the pact.

The alliance does not necessarily imply that Germany should voluntarily renounce her interests in China or forego supplying the latter with armaments. As long as she is exerting pressure on the anti-Axis Powers in Europe, she is doing all that may be reasonably expected of her within the framework of the alliance as it stands. It does not make any difference whether or not Germany is primarily seeking her own interest. The Japanese side of the ledger does not look any different. There are strong reasons to suspect that as regards China, Germany would much prefer the *status quo* to an outright Japanese conquest, because she does not want to see the entire China trade concentrated in the hands of a few Japanese monopolists. This is probably the main reason why Germany is still rendering active support to the Chinese and why she was sincere in her repeated attempts at mediation, seemingly, but not really, in contradiction to the tripartite alliance. Germany also does not want her anti-Comintern partner to waste herself away in this seemingly interminable and profitless China adventure.

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Why Donald Duck is irresistible even on the radio; the German customer is no longer always right; how difficult is the Chinese language?

Miscellany

I. Sound and Laughter

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IT IS a well-established tradition of English thought—and one of those little points on which the foreigner does not always agree with us—that the man who shouts longest and loudest has not necessarily got the most to say. A tendency to protest too much, to bang too frequently upon the table, and to be just a little too vehement in putting forward his own point of view may, we are inclined to suspect, betoken an inward suspicion on the part of the speaker himself as to whether he is worth hearing. There is, however, one notable exception to the rule. Oddly enough, it concerns the very individual who, of all the public figures of the late nineteen-thirties, is most addicted to giving vocal expression to the torrent of his wrath. We refer, needless to say, to Donald Duck.

That Donald is worth looking at is likely to be accepted *nemine contradicente*. It has been proved, indeed, by countless millions in the New World, as well as in the Old, that the privilege is worth paying for; and is it not a good principle of democracy that so many individuals are unlikely to be wrong? But the odd thing about Donald Duck is that, arch-clamorer though he be, he is not only worth looking at but worth listening to as well. Even when divorced from the gay and startling antics with which he is so skilled at delighting our eyes, it appears that the voice of Donald, a modern echo of the *brekekekex, co-ax, co-ax*, of the *Frogs*, falls pleasantly upon our ear. For the fact is that Donald makes good broadcasting.

Mickey Mouse and his engaging circle of friends (or perhaps we should say his immediate associates, for are we not all of us his friends?) have so many odd tricks up their sleeves that it would be unwise to express aston-

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ishment at anything they might do. But were that not so, were we not accustomed to regard the world of Walt Disney as a world in which anything can happen, we might well express surprise that the film stars of his creation should have become radio stars as well. If ever humor was essentially visual, it might be thought, if ever humor relied on being looked at for its success, it is the humor of the cartoon film; and yet the odd fact remains that broadcasts of Silly Symphonies, and of Mickey Mouse and his companions, have proved, for some time past, to be notably successful over the air.

What is it then, we may well wonder, that makes this type of program successful? Mr. Disney's films rely for their appeal largely on their power to provoke laughter. We like them because they are gay. But on what does their humor depend? On the appearance of the characters, or on what they do, or on the queer sounds they make and the queer things they say? The fact that the narratives, deprived of visual appeal, are still successful leads us to suppose that their humor is, in large part, a humor of the ear. It can be argued that some of the Silly Symphonies make good broadcasting only because the public who enjoy them over the air have already seen them in the cinema, and visualize the characters and actions connected with the broadcast sound; but the fact remains that Donald Duck, and others of his kind, are funny judged purely by the effect they have upon our ears.

And so we come to the far deeper and more subtle question, what are the qualities of sound that provoke laughter? It has always been one of the remoter mysteries that some people, some animals, some objects, are of their nature funny. It is not from any action they take, any coherent sequence of ideas to which they give rise, that they tickle our mortal sense of humor. They are just funny in themselves. We see them and laugh; why, we cannot reasonably say. Ducks are funny, swans are not; that seems to have been accepted as axiomatic ever since man first made graphic records of his reaction to the world around him.

And so it is, maybe, that the outraged oratory of Donald, and the deep-throated vaporings of his friend Goofy, come among the category of sounds which are laughter-provoking of their very nature. It is not merely because they are the sounds that accompany comic action. It is a well-known principle of slap-stick humor that cinema audiences can be made to laugh by the spectacle of a duchess receiving some sticky and eatable object in the eye; yet it is equally certain that the soggy thud of a custard pie landing on its target, broadcast as sound divorced from vision, would not be funny at all.

It is true, too, that what is one man's art may be another man's humor. There was once an explorer in the far North who, having unsuccessfully attempted all other means of establishing cordial relationship with the Eskimo, is said to have played gramophone records of Caruso as a last resort. The effect was brilliant; the voice of one of the greatest European singers of all times was the funniest thing the Eskimo had ever heard. We may conclude, then, that the whole subject must remain a matter of general principle rather

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than of clear and well-defined rule. But in this country at least we know that certain sounds—and the voice of Donald is one of them—can be relied upon to make the listener laugh.

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things,

wrote the poet F. W. Harvey. Nowadays, thanks to Mr. Disney, there must be millions who agree with him.

II. The Forgotten Customer

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

A DECREE has just been issued in the Berlin-Brandenburg district of the Reich according to which typists, secretaries and other women employees are forbidden to request a higher salary than they received in their last position. Their past employer must inform the present one of their previous salary. In regard to industries this 'stabilization' of wages has long existed. The prohibition on salary boosts is a result of the wage increases noted in Germany for some months past, and this rise, in turn, is the result of the increasing shortage of workers and employees. The shortage of employees has become so acute that firms 'hire away' employees by promises of higher compensation. It must be added that all firms engaged in defense work, especially work on the western and eastern fortifications, pay salaries which are sometimes fantastic. This is because the work must be carried out without delay, under all and any circumstances. One need only skim through a German newspaper to find entire pages of advertisements by firms seeking employees of all kinds.

In Berlin it is practically impossible to get a mechanic. The smallest repairs to radios, water-pipes or other household equipment cannot be made because there is no one who has the time. For the most part, the small craftsmen have vanished; or they have been absorbed by the industries; or they work for some State enterprise.

This state of affairs has created business conditions inconceivable a few years ago. The increasing shortage of goods has resulted in a situation where tradespeople actually dictate to their customers. The customer has to take what he can get—and quickly at that—for the salesman has neither the time nor the inclination to expend much time. If he does not buy it, there are ten others who eagerly will. 'Beef? There isn't any today. You want a cut of pork from this piece here? No? Then don't take it. We have nothing else.' This is the tone in which customers are frequently dealt with, so that they feel it a tremendous concession if they get anything at all.

The *Berliner Börsenzeitung* complained recently about the indifferent manner in which customers in automobile stores are treated today. Formerly, a man who wanted to buy a car was surrounded by half-a-dozen eager and persuasive salesmen. He

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was called for at his apartment and treated to endless trials; in short, everything was done to put him into good humor. That has long since ceased. Since the automobile manufacturers have ten customers to every car (the result of the shortage in materials), they are interested only in customers who decide quickly and who pay in cash. Whoever does not pay in cash has no chance at all. Not so long ago anyone paying cash for a car was an exception. Today, the man who believes he will get one on the instalment plan is the phenomenon.

The increasing shortage in goods and raw materials, the increased demand for workers, which has grown with the expansion of German economy in general and, finally, the large profits made by the armament industries have created a complete change in business procedure. The law of supply and demand is completely amended since there are more customers than goods. Today it is the salesman who dictates his terms, and not the buyer, and today it is the customer who has to defer. In order to have an elevator repaired, one has to make twenty telephone calls. When a repairman finally appears and deigns to make the repairs, he makes it clear that he is performing an inestimable favor.

That may sound ludicrous but in practice it is not. It is not so simple to become accustomed to the complete change in values which has taken place.

III. Are Chinese Incoherent?

By Erwin Reifler

From the *People's Tribune*, Chungking Nationalist Fortnightly

THIS article proposes to attempt to answer a vast body of recent criticism of the Chinese language as clumsy and inadequate. Such criticism has come from such eminent sinologues as Professor Heinrich Hackmann, of Amsterdam, and Professor Wilhelm Grube, of Berlin.

Professor Hackmann, in his *Chinese Philosophy*, writes: 'There can be no doubt that the systematics of the Chinese are deficient. If one asks whether China has produced important philosophical thinkers, everybody with judgment will immediately answer "Yes." If, however, the question is put like this "Has China produced peculiar, complete systems of thought like those of men like Plato or Kant?" hardly anybody will confidently affirm this question. . . .' Professor Hackmann has found as one of the chief reasons for this phenomenon the peculiar Chinese language and writing.

The first and most immediate expression of the human spirit is, according to Professor Hackmann, the language. The whole future culture, especially the thinking process, is based on this fundament. And then he explains the distinguishing characteristics of the Chinese language, the monosyllability of the words, the simple consonants, the small number of finals, speaks of the monotony of expressions, the extremely small number of words with different pro-

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nunciations, and the something more than 400 sound groups in the Mandarin dialect. 'Such a limited and unmalleable material has to serve as a means of expression of a highly developed world of ideas with its wealth of objects and thought-relations and conditions. How is this possible?' After speaking about the many meanings of every Chinese word and the modifications brought about by the Chinese tones, which raises the number of the 400 Chinese words to about 1,400, he says that even then every word still has a great many different basic meanings and there is still much opportunity for misunderstanding.

Professor Grube, in his *History of Chinese Literature*, writes: 'Considering furthermore how powerfully the distinction of the grammatical genders (in German, etc.) alone has stimulated the inclination for the personification of inanimate objects, one will understand how much the absence of this category in the Chinese language must have hindered the free activity of phantasy.' As for the written language, Professor Grube alleges that its complexity and slowness must be responsible for the brevity of early Chinese literature.

In defense of the Chinese language, I must, first, point to the fact that the modern Chinese spoken language is used in all universities, in the courts of law, in all Government and private offices by Chinese officials and businessmen—briefly everywhere where our spoken languages are used—with exactly the same efficiency and clearness. Any foreign thought, however primitive or abstract, any idea old and new, any technical term can be expressed in spoken Chinese with exactly the same clearness as in any other language of a civilized nation. Whosoever expresses another view, whether foreigner or Chinese, simply does not know enough about it. If there are any misunderstandings in the spoken Chinese language of any dialect or between Chinese of the same or from different dialect centers, they are misunderstandings which happen also in our countries under the same conditions.

II

Furthermore, there can be no doubt for any real connoisseur of Chinese literature that the Chinese are able to express everything as clearly and precisely in writing as we do, and there is no doubt that they were able to do so also in ancient times. As for the obscurity of classical and even some later literature, everybody knows that there are also in the Bible, in the original text and also in the different translations, passages which are doubtful or admit of different interpretations. Also, Nietzsche's writings leave much for the imagination and even Goethe's and Shakespeare's masterpieces have given ample opportunities for interpretations of increasing depth. On the other hand, many modern Chinese books on philosophy, even when written in classical Chinese, leave nothing to be desired in clarity and precision of expression.

There is no truth in the claim that the Chinese verb does not conjugate and that the Chinese noun is not declined. The different persons are expressed not as in Latin and Greek, etc., by adding original personal pronouns as suffixes to verbs, nor as in many modern languages by doing the same and moreover putting the in-

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dependent personal pronouns before the verbs, but rather—as in English—by putting the pronouns before the verbs, only, however, when it is absolutely necessary for clarity. The tenses are expressed by adding certain words before or after the verbs, but again only if it is necessary. The same is true of the voices and of the moods, which are also expressed by words before or after verbs.

The same holds true for nouns and adjectives. It is true that Chinese has no rules of accordance between subject and predicate, but English has not got them either; yet there is never a misunderstanding either in English or in Chinese. There is a quite distinct declension of Chinese nouns in the modern spoken and written language. It is therefore not true that Chinese only knows simple ideas which are not further transformed by grammar.

And as for the argument which not only Professor Hackmann but also many English advance, that the Chinese were unable to produce a philosopher such as Kant because of the deficiency of the Chinese language and writing, may I here be again permitted to quote from the *History of Chinese Literature* of Professor Grube, who says in the preface of his book: 'Quite recently a well-known English author, who has mastered German with great facility, has declared that Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* would have been a thing of impossibility in the English language. It is not difficult to find the reason for it; it lies less in the more or less rich vocabulary (though also this circumstance plays a rôle in it) than in the formal shape of the languages, in their different abilities for expression.'

The whole problem is best characterized in the introduction to the book *Proverbs and Common Sayings from the Chinese* by the Reverend Arthur H. Smith, in which he says: 'The Chinese language may itself be likened to a serpent. Suppose one of these reptiles is for the first time brought to light. Imagine the bewilderment of its discoverers as to its means of locomotion. Feet, wings and fins it has visibly none. All theory and antecedent probability would seem to be against its power of any successful motion, except perhaps rotation on its axis like a log. Yet while his critics are deciding that nature in this case has produced a complete failure, the serpent, disregarding theory and by the mere power of vermicular impulses and peristaltic contractions, has glided into a crevice with a swiftness which to the beholder is confounding. Chinese exhibits a copiousness and flexibility which challenges comparison with any other language.'

III

An amusing example of the bewilderment of the Chinese, faced with learning English, appeared in the *North China Daily News*, in a poem entitled: '*Sounds and Letters*,' which runs like this:—

When the English tongue we speak
Why is 'break' not rhymed with 'freak?'
Will you tell me why it's true
We say 'sew' but likewise 'few?'
And the maker of verse
Cannot rhyme his 'horse' with 'worse?'
'Beard' sounds not the same as 'heard'
'Cord' is different from 'word,'
'Cow' is cow, but 'low' is low,
'Shoe' is never rhymed with 'foe.'
Think of 'hose' or 'nose,' then 'does'
and 'lose.'

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And think of 'goose' and yet of 'choose.'
Think of 'comb' and 'tomb' and 'bomb'
'Toll' and 'rôle' and 'home' and 'some,'
And since 'pay' is rhymed with 'say'
Why not 'paid' and 'said,' I pray?
Think of 'blood' and 'food' and 'good,'
'Mould' is not pronounced like 'could,'
Wherefore 'done,' but 'gone' and 'tone,'
Is there any reason known?
To sum up all, it seems to me
Sounds and Letters don't agree.

Similar conditions prevail also in other European languages, though hardly so complicated as in English. Thus there must be something wrong with our alphabets; they do not conform any more with what they pretend to; they are no longer practical. And, furthermore, the Chinese observer may conclude that this, together with the unnecessarily complicated and illogical grammar, might account for the enormous nervousness of foreigners, their inability to organize continents and world economics; might also account for unemployment, for rearmament and for their periodical wars, and last, but not least, for the astonishing fact that Europe has never produced a Confucius.

Europeans have themselves recognized that their illogical grammars mean an enormous waste of time, and that they have therefore invented all kinds of shorthands in which not only all that ordeal of ancient orthography and grammar is sacrificed in the highest degree, but in which there is an increasing tendency to use ideological symbols which bear a much slighter resemblance to the sound of the words represented by them than most of the Chinese pictographs.

Thus, the Westerners have, after about four thousand years, come back to the wisdom of the ideographs. That the Chinese, on the other hand, have a shorthand which is much quicker than any foreign shorthand, is very well known. Coupled with the telegraphic style preferred in writing, the Chinese written language is the most economical writing imaginable. Quite recently the Chinese have started to contract several characters into one, which, when carried out on a large scale, will make writing still much shorter, and far more logical and coherent than Occidental prose.

The Obliging Arabs

The Arabs have frequently cut the pipe lines between the oil wells and Haifa. Each time a couple of experts have been compelled to go out into the desert and mend them. Recently they found themselves surrounded by Arabs who wished to know what they were doing. It was an ugly moment, but they explained their mission quite frankly. The Arabs were most interested, admitting freely that they were the people who had been cutting the pipes.

'But why do you do it?' they were asked.

'Oh, we are paid five English pounds each time we do it,' was the reply.

'Does it really matter where you cut them?' asked the Englishmen.

'Not a bit.'

'Well,' said the Englishmen, "if it's all the same to you, couldn't you cut them a bit nearer Haifa so that we do not have to go such a long way to mend them?'

'By all means,' said the Arab leader, proving again the chivalry of the desert.

What's more, he has kept to his word.

—Charles Graves in the *Daily Mail*, London

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE horrible mess unearthed in the state and Federal judiciary in New York brings to public attention one of the most shameful aspects in American government, namely, that judges seldom reach the bench *via* sheer merit. In those states where they are elected by the people, they generally receive their nomination from the party in power, which binds them to strict 'loyalty' and extracts from them an initial donation—running, in New York, from $20,000 to $100,000. Obviously, lawyers who agree to this procedure do not often possess the highest judicial qualifications, so that when the system yields a Cardozo or a Crane or even a Proskauer, one can only look upon them as sheer lucky breaks. But appointed judges, especially in the state courts, are on the whole of not much better quality than elected ones, for the ascendant party generally sees to it that the Governor appoints people to the bench who incline to be lenient to defendants who have been generous in their contributions.

The problem of the judiciary, having worried public-spirited men and women for years, of late has narrowed down to three or four suggestions for improvement, of which perhaps the most intelligent is the following: Let there be in each of the forty-eight states and in the Federal government a body of men selected to represent various classes in society—the bar, the clergy, labor unions, industrialists, writers, engineers, and so on. When a vacancy occurs on the bench, let this body, chosen for a long period, present to the Executive—whether he be Governor or President—a slate of, say, seven worthy candidates, and then let the Executive choose one from among them. The Executive's nomination is to be final, thereby saving the public from the disgrace that recently greeted Mr. Roosevelt's nomination of a judge to the Virginia Federal bench. To make the eventual choice triply sound, perhaps the Executive's final selection should be approved by the full bench to which the new judge is to be elevated.

A phase of the Federal judiciary which has proven an avenue of political corruption has been the matter of receiverships, which Federal judges sometimes hand out to political allies, whose sole aim often is to milk the creditors rather than help them. Attorney-General Murphy has suggested a law whereby Federal receivers are to be selected from a list of qualified, salaried men, and in no way to be influenced by a judge's friendships or political obligations. One cannot imagine any sensible man objecting to some such plan.

BOSS Pendergast of Missouri has gone to jail, the invincible Jimmy Hines of New York has been sentenced to a long term in prison, Penrose and Vare of Philadelphia lie in their graves with no successors, 'Doc' Ames no more frightens people in Minneapolis, Abe Ruef is only a name in San Francisco, Martin Lomasney and Charlie Innes of Boston have become angels, and the soul of William Flinn still wanders about homeless in Pitts-

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burgh. The chances are that bosses of the hard Charlie Murphy variety will no more plague American cities—at least as long as the depression and Federal relief continue.

The credit for the rapid disappearance of bosses probably has to be put at the door of the New Deal. The old corrupt machines had the voters in their control chiefly by the small favors they handed out to the poor. A sorely pressed father of a large family, human nature being what it is, found it difficult to forget the machine that gave him his Christmas basket—when election day came around. But now he doesn't have to look forward to the annual basket. The Federal and state governments look after him and his family—in the way of a WPA job, social security, old age insurance, etc. So instead of being grateful to the boss, he is grateful to Washington, and when Washington, directly or indirectly, decides to pounce upon a Jimmy Hines, he does not shed tears—and on election day he votes for the place where the WPA or social security check came from.

AT THE recent convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, several of the delegates praised the American press for its superiority over the European press. They spoke the obvious truth, for as an editor of the London *Economist* has said, 'You people are much more abreast of what is actually happening over there than those practically on the scene of operations.' He might also have mentioned our livelier reporting and the greater freedom of our libel laws, which permit us attacks upon official and industrial corruption which hardly any paper in England would dare print for fear of being haled into court.

But we must not forget the other side of the picture. The influence of our papers has declined greatly, chiefly because of the sharp decrease in their number and of the stupidity of the owners regarding social matters. In 1910 there were 3,120 dailies in the United States, while now there are about 1,850. The surviving papers are largely owned by chains or heavily beholden to them. This development has naturally brought about uniformity of news-handling and editorializing that does not represent public opinion. Some 70 per cent of the newspapers in 1936 were against Roosevelt, yet the country sent him back to office with a vote of historic proportions.

More and more people nowadays prefer to get their news over the radio. (There are 37,000,000 radio sets as against 41,000,000 of daily newspaper circulation.) Radio newscasters, true enough, present the events of the day in telegraphic bulletin form, but at least their reporting is not colored with political or economic bias as are those of many newspapers. That bias has taken the form of lambasting pretty nearly every progressive move of the New Deal. In four national elections the American people have shown that they want the kind of democratic social progress urged by the man in the White House. If the newspapers wish to take part in contemporary American history, they must give up their childish labeling of almost everything issuing from Washington as Communist or Fascist. If they don't, even the big metropolitan papers will sink to the level of oversized country weeklies, and seri-

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ous periodical publications will supplant them in circulation as well as in influence.

THE Doctors' Orchestra, made up of seventy-five physicians and dentists of New York, recently gave its first public concert, with Ernest Schelling, the pianist, as assisting artist. The program included works by Weber, Dvořák, Schumann, and Johann Strauss, and according to all reports they were played with high competence. Two similar symphonic groups perform in other parts of the United States, and the chances seem good that many more will be started elsewhere in the near future. In Europe, doctors' musical organizations are quite common, as are doctors' literary societies and groups for the discussion of social problems.

This brings to mind a strange phenomenon. From among doctors have come writers of very considerable merit —Schnitzler, Chekhov, Maugham and Duhamel, to mention a few names at random. As a class they are greatly impressed by the travails of this existence, for they know its follies and dangers only too well from their practice, and they also must of necessity view human beings with charity, one of the prime ingredients of the artistic impulse. But lawyers, who also come into close contact with frail human nature, strangely enough, do not generally take to imaginative writing. Recall Henry Fielding and you will have nearly exhausted the entire list of lawyers in the Anglo-Saxon world who have written respectable literature. In the United States, glancing over its literary history so far, one can mention only one lawyer known for his writing, Arthur Train, whom no one would think of putting in a class with Chekhov or even Duhamel. Why this should be so might well occupy some young man eager to earn his Ph.D. honorably.

AT A meeting, held in Chicago, of 200 representatives of domestic and Canadian life insurance companies, there was long and serious discussion of the 'well-organized campaign of abuse and vilification' against the American insurance business, and one company official said that some of the criticisms may be due to 'our own lack of foresight in the field of public relations.' This probably means that in the near future the nation will once more be made insurance-conscious. Very likely many new policies will be underwritten, but it is very unlikely that the criticisms referred to will be silenced. They dig deep into a $110,000,000,000 industry, next to the Federal government the greatest in the land.

For years Messrs. Abraham Epstein, Mort and E. A. Gilbert of Philadelphia, the late James P. Sullivan of Chicago and Albert Epstein have pointed out major flaws in the manner of writing insurance, and their repeated expositions have made too profound an impression on the public for it to forget them. Insurance rates, these men have pointed out, are far too high, the cash surrender value should be greater, insurance officials' salaries are out of proportion to what they do, and the companies have been offering professional advice and legal services in a shamefully careless manner, entailing all sorts of hardships to policy holders. Agents and clerks, with very little or no training whatever in the extremely complicated

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fields of wills and trusts, have for decades wrought untold injury to widows and orphans. The detailed story of how an insurance trust is written, if made public, would shock every literate man and woman. The Senate Monopoly Committee could assure for itself long remembrance if it would do nothing more than expose the various steps in the common variety of trust underwriting.

THE Republican National Committee has recently offered a valuable footnote to the immense strength of the national sentiment against anti-Semitism in the country. The chairman, John D. M. Hamilton, has sent hundreds of thousands of brochures to important men and women, protesting General Moseley's attempt to label him, however indirectly, as a supporter of his anti-Semitic campaign, and detailing his excellent record as a friend of the Jews. Mr. Hamilton's anger could not have been roused by his fear of what the less than 1,500,000 Jewish voters would think of him. Obviously he was principally interested in assuring the nearly 17,000,000 Gentile Republican voters that their party chairman still sticks to the democratic racial principles of Abraham Lincoln. There is probably some Republican money behind Moseley but so long as the party is led by men like William Allen White, Alf Landon and Mr. Hamilton, it will have no truck with any group dedicated to racial discrimination.

BY A recent opinion of the Supreme Court, action on the proposed Child Labor Amendment continues to be valid, so that if eight more states ratify it, the approval of thirty-six will have been reached, and it will become part of the Constitution. Resolutions for ratification now pend in Texas and Delaware, while Alabama, Missouri, Nebraska and South Carolina can act during the current year. In 1940 Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New York and Virginia will have an opportunity to vote on the Amendment again.

Most of the opposition to the Amendment has dwindled, save that of the Catholic Church and a large section of the press. But the laity in the church, from all signs, inclines to agree more and more with President Roosevelt than with the hierarchy, and the press's arguments border on the fantastic. Conservative editors have said that 'some of our finest citizens have made their start in life through selling newspapers.' To which Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison has made this reply: 'Recently I had a census taken here . . . to determine the number of inmates who had sold newspapers in their youth. The examination showed that of the 23,000 men, over 69 per cent had done so. Most of our population is drawn from the metropolitan district, and Sing Sing receives over 70 per cent of all felons sentenced' in New York State.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Hymn to Hitler

My Führer!

Today I stand before thy image. It is superhuman and inexaustible, it is powerful and adamant, beautiful and sublime; it is so simple, kind, sincere and warm—nay, it is father, mother, and brother in one. And it is even more. . . .

Thou art the Führer, even without giving orders; thou livest and thou art the law. Thou art love and strength. Thou art liberty, for thou hast given a meaning to duty and a purpose, joy and strength to all work. . . .

Thou art standing in a cathedral erected by the love of millions, the cupola of which soars to the sky. . . . Today no pen nor human tongue are able to express the feelings of our souls. . . .

—Prayer written for Hitler's fiftieth birthday in the *Schwarze Korps*, Berlin

One Can Never Tell . . .

It is said in Rome that on a recent sunny day Mussolini was seen emerging from his Palace with an open umbrella. 'Why an umbrella on such a fine day?' he was asked. 'It's fine enough here,' he replied, 'But it may be raining in Berlin.'

—*Time and Tide*, London

Tell it to Göring

'The proprietors of this business are so convinced that war is not imminent that they agree to refund all monies paid in respect of suits ordered now. If this country is at war in Europe within one month from this date (13th April) all such suits will be given free of charge.'

—Notice in a London tailor's shop

A Modern Tombstone

He was born in Austria. He lived in Czechoslovakia. He died in Germany. During his lifetime, he never left Brno.

—Inscription on a tombstone at Brno, Czecho-Slovakia

That Elusive Word

I hear that in the complex process of passing *The Women* as fit for public consumption the Lord Chamberlain's office was considerably harassed by Miss Clare Boothe's rich mastery of the byways of New York slang.

At one point in the text a character refers to another (a man, of course) as a 'schlemmiel'—an expression which is, I gather, good Yiddish for 'damned fool.' The Lord Chamberlain's office gave it all up as a bad job and returned the copy of the play with the word underlined. In the margin was the despairing comment: 'This eludes me.'

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Censors Think Slowly

The *Chronicle* yesterday received a book posted in New York in May, 1936. It had been held up by the censor, according to a stamped notification on the wrapper, and after over two years' examination it was apparently decided that there was nothing objectionable in it. The book is James Allen's *The Negro Question.*

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

Parisian versus Roman Wit

In Rome, nowadays, any story with an anti-Fascist twist is dismissed summarily with the words: '*Honi soit qui mal y Poncet.*'

—Peterborough

So Do We!

I wish I could be surer
That Der Führer
Was merely letting off *Dampf*
When he wrote *Mein Kampf.*

—*Punch*, London

The Impulsive English

The English are so imprudent! They are actually thinking of signing a pact with the Russians—people who may be associated with the Soviets!

—*Ordre*, Paris

A Dictatorship Defined

A group of Frenchmen were talking politics. 'And how would you describe a dictatorship?' asked one.

Several people proffered definitions which did not seem very concise or apt. Then up

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spoke a little fellow in the corner of the café: 'It is a system of government,' said he, 'where everything that isn't forbidden is obligatory.'

—Lucio in the *Manchester Guardian*

They View with Loathian . . .

I presume that Lord Lothian is being sent to Washington to try to persuade America to trust Germany.

—*Time and Tide*, London

Warsaw's Best Joke

At a dinner party the Polish Marshal Rimsky met the German Military attaché, who observed, 'What I don't understand is why the Polish Army should be making such efforts to motorize, when your roads are—excuse my frankness—very poor.'

Smilingly, Marshal Rimsky retorted, 'precisely, colonel. Our roads are bad—but yours are excellent.'

—*News Review*, London

Etiquette

The following story has come to me from a correspondent in Germany who vouches for its authenticity. In a fashionable Berlin restaurant two Reichswehr officers getting up from their table took leave of each other with a loud *Auf Wiedersehen*.

'Don't you know that the German salute is Heil Hitler?' demanded an S.S. Officer at the next table.

In tones audible throughout the restaurant one of the offenders explained: 'I bade my comrade *Auf Wiedersehen* because I had not seen him for some time, and I hope to see him again. As for you, Sir, I hope never to see you again. Therefore I beg to take leave of you with a "Heil Hitler!"'

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

English, We Speak Her

The news of English, we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been college, and writ like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it.

—advertisement in a Siamese paper

Excuse It, Please

When the Germans occupied Czecho-Slovakia, the country was swamped with propaganda material printed in Czech. In one village, however, a mishap occurred: the leaflets distributed among the villagers were all in a language that could not be deciphered. Investigation showed that the language was—Rumanian!

—*National-Zeitung*, Basel

The Might-Have-Beens

Every crisis produces its *mot*. The current one is the handiwork of a Cabinet Minister who said: 'The trouble with the Cabinet is that there are so many ex-future Prime Ministers in it.'

Cross-questioned he put five of his colleagues in this limbo of broken ambitions—Sir John Simon, Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. Oliver Stanley, Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. W. S. Morrison.

—*Evening Standard*, London

Law of the Jungle

Although you might not think so, the working of the 'damages racket' is by no means peculiar to the civilized world. Some of the tribes of northern South America, for instance, have reduced it to a very fine art indeed, and their unwritten law of compensation is a very formidable thing. Like all laws, this one is made to be broken, but the trouble is that it is probably the easiest in the world to break. Here are some examples: —

A wound inflicted in self-defense renders the striker liable if the attacker has not drawn blood first.

A man who has cut his finger with a knife borrowed from another is held to have a legitimate claim against the lender.

A man who is scaling your wall with burglarious intent and hurts himself in so doing, has a perfect case for compensation against you, because your property was responsible (*a*) for his presence there, and (*b*) for his wounds.

If you give a man a drink and that man falls or otherwise hurts himself as a result of drunkenness, you are responsible for that damage.

And if you should find a sick or wounded man and render first aid, you are held responsible if he dies — because you interfered with nature!

Liability, in fact, is unlimited.

—*Latin American World*

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Two Men on a Book

By André Demaison

Translated from *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris

THE brothers Jérôme and Jean Tharaud are the best-known team of literary collaborators in France. The former has recently been honored by election to the Académie Française. I have had the privilege of seeing them work together, and so can answer the question that is always asked, 'But how *do* two writers collaborate? In a novel or story, what is the share of each?'

The Tharauds' collaboration begins with the choice of a subject. Every aspect, every possible line of development, of this subject is then thrashed out, until complete agreement is reached. A rough outline of the plot is then drawn up—but loosely, so as not to restrict inspiration; for the details may be altered many times before the final form is adopted.

The subject of the book once settled and the plot sketched out in some detail, the whole idea is discussed with Mme. Jérôme Tharaud and a few close friends. From this exchange of views there often result considerable modifications.

At last the brothers set down to write the first chapter. The room in which they work contains a small table, on which are reams of paper, a large inkstand, two pens and a mass of notes; there are also two or three armchairs, and a large sofa.

Perhaps Jean may take up the pen first, having got up in a good humor. Jérôme then stretches himself on the sofa; the writer writes, and the dreamer dreams. Then the former reads aloud what he has written. The other approves or criticizes. Jean corrects, adapts, writes in the alterations, and continues until he is tired. Then Jérôme takes over the actual work of composition while his younger brother lies down or walks about the room. So the manuscript grows, in alternating styles of hand-writing, one thick and sloping, the other fine and upright.

When at last the work is finished, all must be gone over again. Jean reads, Jérôme listens; or vice versa. Then the criticisms . . . 'How could you! . . .' In revision it is seldom that anything is added. On the contrary, they eliminate; and whole paragraphs are bandied to and fro across the room until the brothers agree that a true balance has been struck.

Work goes on from eight o'clock in the morning until one, the afternoon being given over to rest or preparation for the next day's labor.

And when everything is finished, Mme. Tharaud herself copies out the much-corrected manuscript in her large clear round hand. What a task that copying must be!

Scandinavian Stage

By Walter Berendsohn

From *Life and Letters Today*, London

IT IS widely maintained that the year 1914 marked the beginning of a new epoch in history. To fix such crucial dates is always a little arbitrary, as they are preceded by long, and at first imperceptible, developments. But in all probability the Great War of 1914–18 will come to be considered as the starting-point of a universal upheaval. The tremendous political and economic changes since then are well known and need no comment. One important point, however, must be emphasized: for the greater part of the middle-class population their formerly safe economic and political basis of living has been severely shaken. As the great majority of writers and poets come from this class, it is no wonder that literature reflects in an

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ever-growing degree this uneasy attitude toward life.

This new current also penetrated Scandinavian literature, even if somewhat later and in a more modified form than in Russian, German, and American literature, and has shaped the art of the novel and the drama, as well as poetry. The plays with this new tendency are by writers belonging to two widely differing groups. The first sympathizes with the political Left and concerns itself with the fate of the masses and the clash of the classes. The second group began with religious and idealistic works, and clung to the presentation of the destiny of the individual, but—almost against its will—has been drawn into line with the tendency of our times and has turned to political problems which embrace the fate of the masses.

To the first group belong the Norwegian, Nordahl Grieg, born in 1902, and Kjeld Abell, a Dane, born in 1911. Grieg has written two plays which have been performed in every Scandinavian theatre. One of these, *Our Honor and Our Power*, has its setting in Bergen, in shipping circles during the Great War, at the time when the German U-boats were so relentlessly attacking the commercial fleets of the world. The Norwegian shipping merchants are represented as earning gigantic sums, which they hardly know how to spend. Their crews, with only a small increment to their meager pay, sail again and again into the danger zones, and if they do not fall victims to the U-boats they end their lives in homes for the destitute at the end of the War. The motive of class distinction is obvious. But Grieg is a poet and knows how to give individuality to the shipowners, as well as how to infuse life into the mass scenes, which he breaks up into numerous group conversations.

Filled with the same spirit is *The Defeat*, which presents in a long series of gripping scenes the failure of the Commune in Paris in 1871. Grieg's intention goes deeper, for his aim is also to explain the cause of the defeat. Two of the scenes go to the heart of this idea. One takes place in the Banque de France. The representative of the Commune, a decent-minded bourgeois, demands a million francs, but the director of the bank persuades him to be content with half a million. The same bourgeois later prevents a troop of men, sent by a genuine revolutionary, from occupying the bank and confiscating a hundred million francs which lie in its vaults. A little later the director smilingly agrees to send a hundred million francs during the night to Versailles, where Thiers is preparing his attack on Paris. In the other vital scene, Thiers declares that there was a time when the man in the street could start a revolution; his weapons were hidden under the straw of his bed or under the floor-boards. Today, however, cannon are required, and he cannot buy these.

The Danish writer Kjeld Abell writes in a lighter and more playful vein. His drama *The Melody That Got Lost* resembles in style Brecht-Weill's *Beggar's Opera* (*Dreigroschen-Oper*), and depicts the 'little man' of Hans Fallada, a typical simple-minded character embodying the lower middle class. He loses the melody of life, until he finds fulfilment in the trade-union movement. This purposeful play is spiced with so much wit and fun, and the scenes are so suffused with exotic imagination, that Copenhagen's mirth-loving theatre-goers gladly tolerated its serious side. It has been played five hundred times in a small theater, and has since been produced in many other parts of Europe, its recent production in London proving a considerable success.

A representative of the second group is the Swede Pär Lagerkvist, born in 1891, and the Dane Kaj Munk, born in 1898. The Swedish poet's work has a mystical quality. His play *The Executioner* opens with a scene laid in the Middle Ages. The executioner in his fiery red costume sits at a table in an inn, while peasants at other tables whisper of the mystery which surrounds him and his trade. The giant in red

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remains seated at his table, when the scene suddenly changes to a modern dance-hall. A quarrel breaks out, and shots are fired at the Negroes to whose music only a minute ago affectionate couples were swaying. The man in red wears the mask of a Central European Field-Marshal.

The works of the gifted Danish playwright Kaj Munk have caused a stir in the last few years. At first he used religious themes. His plays center round present-day politics. In *Victory*, Kaj Munk shows an Italian dictator (under a fictitious name) at the time of the Ethiopian war. (A short time ago Kaj Munk wrote an open letter to Mussolini in which he expressed his admiration for him and begged him to use his influence to solve the Jewish problem.) He probes successfully into the psychology of tyrants.

His last work deals with the religious struggle and the persecution of the Jews in the Third Reich. A professor of archæology returning to Germany from Palestine with his lady assistant, finds among some fragments of pottery a beautiful picture, which is eventually pronounced to be a contemporary portrait of Christ. An inscription clearly establishes the fact that Christ was a Jew, whereas the official teaching of the German Christians maintains that Jesus was an Aryan. Hence the professor is unable to present his unique find as a whole to the German nation. Woven into this main idea are two minor themes. The professor's assistant and her brother are half-Jewish, and under another name and with false papers they insinuate themselves into German scientific circles. The brother is exposed, and the sister confesses her deception to her adored professor. The great day arrives when the professor is to receive the 'Deutschland' Prize in the presence of the Führer. He refuses it, destroys the Christ picture, and, before the eyes of all the dignitaries of the Reich, offers marriage to his assistant, saying, 'Thou shalt bear me a son who shall be a good German and a true human being.' With this sentence this well-constructed propaganda drama ends. In spite of its tendentious nature, it is extremely effective on the stage, and its lively dialogue holds the attention of the audience throughout. The author lays emphasis on the circumstance that the change in the professor's attitude from a German to a warm-hearted human being is caused by the magnetic eyes of the Christ picture. Undoubtedly the play owes its success to interest in the actual motives which enslave vast masses of the German people, Jews and Christians alike. For months this drama was performed every night to full houses in Copenhagen, and at the same time toured the provinces.

Side by side with these writers there are many in the three Scandinavian countries who cling to the old ideal and concern themselves with the fate of individual people. There are those who maintain that politics and social problems are not suitable subjects for art. Even such a representative poet as Thomas Mann, who, besides his other great achievements, produces courageous political documents, inclines to the view that pure art is possible only in the human or mythical world. But this is rather the generalization of a single school of æsthetic thought which was prevalent in Germany over a long period. A new and powerful current in the literature of the world is proving itself equal to a changed conception of life. It is solving new problems, expanding or exploding old forms, and developing a new stylistic medium. Behind it stands a strong social imagination and the determination not to shrink from present realities, however grim, but to face them and thereby attain a new spiritual and physical level in human experience.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Germany's Recovery

The Economic Recovery of Germany from 1933 to March, 1938. *By C. W. Guillebaud. London: Macmillan. 1939.*

(Paul Einzig in the *Banker*, London)

AMID the flood of anti-Nazi literature of our days the publication of a good pro-Nazi book is a relief to those of us who at times are inclined to become bored by reading views we agree with or facts we wish to agree with. From this point of view, Mr. Guillebaud's recently published book, *The Economic Recovery of Germany from 1933 to March, 1938* is a welcome contribution to one of the most controversial subjects of our day. The book is claimed both by the author and by the publishers to be an impartial examination of the economic aspects of National Socialism, and the publishers' advertisement goes out of its way to emphasize that the author is free from political bias. In reality, however, this claim is not altogether justified. Specialists are apt to fall in love with the subject of their choice; Mr. Guillebaud's speciality happens to be Germany; and Germany happens to be under National Socialist régime. This being so, it is easily understandable that he should regard that régime with sympathy rather than otherwise. And '*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*'

It is only fair to admit that, in spite of his strong prejudice in favor of the Nazi system—prejudice which may largely be subconscious—Mr. Guillebaud has made a praiseworthy effort at presenting at least some aspects of the other side of the picture. I can visualize him, when writing the book, literally forcing himself to insert a critical sentence here and there, breaking the continuity of the flood of his approval and praise. This is one of the reasons why his book is so dangerous. If it were rank propaganda it would be harmless, since none but the utterly unsophisticated would be misled by it. Since, however, it contains just that sprinkling of half-criticisms which lends a book the appearance of impartiality, it is liable to be taken for what it is advertised to be: an impartial and unbiased account of Nazi economics.

Yet one has only to look at the Foreword to see how far the author's will and capacity for impartiality can be relied upon. Anticipating criticisms on the ground that he relied upon official German statistical material, Mr. Guillebaud remarks: '. . . the deliberate manipulation of official statistics would be an administrative impossibility in Germany, where the whole economic system is based on the existence of accurate quantitative data.' It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Guillebaud would make a similar assertion also regarding Soviet Russia, whose economic system has to rely upon statistics at least to the same extent as the German economic system. If so, he would have to fight it out with Mr. Colin Clark, one of the leading authorities on economic statistics, whose interesting book, *A Critique of Russian Statistics*, is advertised on the back page of Mr. Guillebaud's volume. Why should it be impracticable, as Mr. Guillebaud categorically states it is, to have two sets of figures—one for propaganda purposes and another different set for confidential official use?

To give only one example of where Mr. Guillebaud is led by his modern version of the time-honored German rule of '*Was gedruckt ist, ist wahr* (What is printed must be right.)' the book accepts and endorses the official figures of German butter consumption which, we are earnestly assured, advanced from 8 kilos per

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head for the boom year of 1928 to 8.9 kilos for 1937. Anyone who believes this is capable of believing almost anything. The butter shortage in Germany is one of the unpleasant facts which even the German authorities, from Field-Marshal Göring downward, are prepared to admit. Not so Mr. Guillebaud, who, while confessing to shortages of meat and butter, claims that they were mostly confined to the large cities and were purely temporary.

A really impartial account of the developments would not have omitted to mention that the change of régime in Germany happened to coincide with the turn in the trend of world trade, and that the German recovery after 1933 was in part at any rate due to the world-wide revival. This is by no means the only omission of which Mr. Guillebaud is guilty. There is not a word in his book which would indicate the existence of a great deal of confusion and friction due to the overlapping of various Government and Party organs, each one of which claims the right to interfere with business. Manufacturers and merchants are often bewildered amid the conflicting orders fired at them from various quarters, none of whose wishes can they afford to disregard. Their fate is anything but enviable; yet, to believe Mr. Guillebaud, their grumbling is nothing more than a bad habit.

Similar examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. If there is one weak spot in the development of the Nazi economic system, it is the lack of adequate capital replacement in industrial plants and the railways. How does Mr. Guillebaud's impartial account deal with this question? He has a certain amount to say about the lack of replacements—under the Weimar Republic. How different the Nazi régime appears to be, judging from Mr. Guillebaud's references telling us about the measures (exemption from taxation, limitation of dividends) introduced with the object of making good the omissions of the old régime. Mr. Guillebaud does not actually say that the omissions were in fact made good, but that is certainly the impression the reader gains until he reaches the end of the book, when, for the first time, the author admits 'replacements have to a considerable extent been hindered by difficulties in obtaining deliveries of machines, etc.' But Mr. Guillebaud knows how to present even such a weak spot of the Nazi régime as if it were a source of strength. Having confessed to delays in replacements, he promptly claims it to be an advantage, on the ground that, once rearmament is over, industry can be employed nevertheless to capacity, thanks to the necessity of replacing worn-out machinery. He fails to tell us what will happen if rearmament should continue for years and wear and tear continues to increase. We have already seen that the state railways have come to the verge of a breakdown, and traffic had to be reduced materially in consequence. The same thing must be true also concerning many industrial plants, even though it does not appear from German official statistics.

An extremely thorough and painstaking monograph—as Mr. Guillebaud's is in many respects—has no excuse for failing to take account of this important factor throughout the main chapters of the book. After all, if a spectacular increase in rearmament and the maintenance of production for current civilian requirements at a high level can only be achieved at the cost of neglecting capital replacements, the Nazi economic system cannot have approached the ideal to quite the extent Mr. Guillebaud claims it to have.

Having said all this, I must admit that it is not part of my case against Mr. Guillebaud's book that its fundamental thesis—that the Nazi economic system is highly efficient—is false. But, having fought for years in my books and articles against the conception that the Fascist-Nazi economic system is inherently inefficient and is doomed to collapse, I feel

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I am entitled to fight also against the exaggerated and one-sided picture of its perfections which Mr. Guillebaud's book conveys.

The Terry Family Tree

EARLY STAGES. *By John Gielgud. London: Macmillan. 1939.*

(G. B. Stern in the *Sunday Times*, London)

IT IS sheer ingratitude to complain that such a vividly interesting autobiography as this should not have been written as a novel; the saga of a theatrical 'Royal Family,' with John Gielgud himself, seen objectively, making a characteristic entrance about half-way through, as leader of the younger generation of Terrys. Something after the fashion of *The Du Mauriers* and *Gerald*, or Clemence Dane's *Broome Stages*.

For here from a novelist's point of view is a wealth of glorious material; an umbrageous family tree in which you could disport yourself like a happy monkey swinging up and down through slices of bright sunlight from one leafy branch to another. In the various glimpses he shows us of his illustrious relations *en famille*, John Gielgud betrays an ironic gift of discrimination; a flair for selecting what incident, what fragments of dialogue, what entrances and exits would reveal them from the most telling angle:—

> . . . An old lady had come in and was finding her way from one group to another, settling at last in a low chair. It was Ellen Terry, bowed and mysterious, under the shadow of a big straw hat, covered in scarves and shawls, with a big bag and two or three pairs of spectacles, like a godmother in a fairy tale. She wore a black and gray gown, very cleverly draped on her slim body, too long in front (as she always wore her stage dresses) and bunched up over one arm with wonderful instinctive grace. When her hat and shawls had been taken from her there were coral combs in her short gray hair and coral beads round her neck. With her lovely turned-up nose and wide mouth and that husky voice—a veiled voice somebody called it once—and her enchanting smile, no wonder everyone adored her. . . .

A procession of amusing and famous figures prances down the pages, flourishing little gay personal anecdotes like dishes of juicy colored fruits: Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Edgar Wallace, Noel Coward, Frank Vosper, Lilian Baylis, and many others; yet the family, whether in group or solo, prove always the most successfully alive; as though the ghost of an irrepressibly debonair Terry had leaned over the author's shoulder and remarked carelessly: 'Never mind about Edgar; never mind about Noel nor Hamlet nor all those other supers. *I'll* dictate a page or two now.'

But underlying his respect for the Terry tradition and his appreciation of sharing with us the fun they provide, one can perceive an impatience of the richly embroidered swaddling-clothes with which he came not naked enough into the world for that haughty independence which may derive from his equally spectacular Polish ancestry. The privileges he gained by 'influence' were remarkably few, really; but in the spirit of irritable humility, he magnifies them and makes them an excuse for occasional bouts of self-mistrust, and, what is far, far worse, for thousands of words spilled in generous tribute toward his colleagues. This generous-tribute business is too prone to occur in all professional autobiographies; admirably loyal, passionately sincere though it be, directly it begins interest flags, and the most individual chronicles will suddenly read as though the same pen had written them all.

Mr. Gielgud writes in his epilogue:

> I have three besetting sins . . . impetuosity, self-consciousness, and a lack of interest in anything not immediately concerned with myself or with the theatre.

He is wrong; for two of these are not sins; his vital passion for the theatre cer-

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tainly informs every line he writes, but to our gain; and it is merely his inexperience as a writer which makes him use the phrase 'lack of interest;' one should never allow a sentence to take a flatly negative form where its claim is richly positive. As for being too impetuous, on the contrary, he recoils in sheer panic from letting his egoism rip, forgetting that sometimes the very essence of autobiography is giving the exuberant self a joy-ride, unchecked by reproof.

Where should we have been if Marcel Proust, for instance, had decided that he must not dwell too much on Marcel Proust, his inner conflicts, adorations and judgments; nor ever say anything caustic about others? Mr. Gielgud's only caustic lines are directed against himself. A character in an Oscar Wilde play remarked flippantly: 'The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with Revelations.' Autobiography, too, should end with revelations—not necessarily sensational—if it is indeed to be a book of life. That most perfect autobiography ever written, Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*, is the work of a man capable of saying for our permanent benefit: 'Am I an egoist? Very well, then, I am an egoist, and it's just too bad!'

But obviously these criticisms are a little unfair. For in the same personal epilogue to *Early Stages* Mr. Gielgud reminds us that fundamentally he is not an author but an actor.

He somewhat ingenuously envies painters, writers, critics, for the conditions under which they must work, believing these to be so much easier than for actors. It is odd that still, all the world over and all down the ages, we meet the same fallacy: that what we have *not* chosen to do ourselves looks so shining and supple and easy that—were we fools to choose our own difficult knotted career?—the smoke from Abel's sacrifice rises so straight and high, while our own rolls choking along the ground.

Anyhow, it was never a case of deliberate choice with John Gielgud; his profession had obsessed him from the moment when, a child wholly bewitched by his toy theatre, he 'robbed the canary of his seed and sand for a convincing set representing a stormy desert.' Indeed, throughout his confessions, one keeps on wondering—against the later evidence of stardom—whether the producer and stage-designer in his bones may not be actually stronger than the actor; for he was forever painting backcloths or noticing dramatic effects:

> After the play (*The Scarlet Pimpernel*) I went round to the stage door. It was a dark, foggy evening. Uncle Fred came out on to the steps in all the glory of his white satin and lace, and pressed a sovereign into my hand, like some dandified deity from Olympus.

Finally, Mr. Gielgud distills this thought for us out of his years of gruelling hard work:

> Nothing really matters except the actual momentary contact between actor and audience which draws the play through its appointed action from beginning to end.

Which is, of course, exactly and notably the truth.

[*This book will be published in the United States by The Macmillan Company.*]

Studies of the Abnormal

Le Mur. *By Jean-Paul Sartre. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1939.*

(Léon Pierre-Quint in *Lumière*, Paris)

Jean-Paul Sartre's second book, *Le Mur*, is a collection of stories, each one very different in character from the other, but all proceeding from the same philosophical sources of inspiration: the unreality of existence, the impossibility of escaping the world of illusion and convention.

The five stories of this book deal with five attempts to escape. In *La Chambre*

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a woman tries to be together with her husband, even in madness. Voluntarily, she sequesters herself with him, talks his demented language, pretends to see his hallucinations—a useless effort, because even madness is based on lies.

Erostrate, another story, deals with a man who seeks to sublimate himself by a crime. In vain! The crime accomplished, its halo is shed. All his expectations are deceived, summed up in a corpse, a fat, disgusting and bleeding bundle.

The first story—the best written of the lot, and that which gives the collection its name—is the story of a Spanish militiaman taken prisoner by the Insurgents, who expects to be shot together with his comrades. It deals with the state of a man about to be annihilated and who cannot resign himself to death. Through the power of thought, he strives to precipitate himself to the other side of existence, to clear the wall that separates the living from the non-living. Even death has no sense—it is as absurd as life.

In another story, called *L'Enfance d'un chef*, the author again takes up the theme of his previous book, *La Nausée*. It is the story of the childhood and adolescence of Lucien Fleurier, a colorless, apathetic boy who can only reflect conditions around him. Thus, he discovers in himself successively all the Freudian complexes, later becomes an enthusiastic surrealist—Sartre writes an amusing travesty on surrealism—and takes up all the 'fashionable' post-War vices, including sodomy. In the end, the inconsistent young man returns to the traditional tenets of the bourgeoisie, renounces his vices and succeeds his father as a factory owner—an ironical but logical dénouement.

Like so many of Sartre's heroes, Lucien Fleurier is an adolescent in search of his ego. He has moods of black despair. 'Every once in a while,' he says, 'I am perfectly sure that I do not exist.' He doubts the reality of everything, of himself, his family, people and objects placed near him, even to the pen he holds in his hand. It is a special kind of neurosis which results in an indifference to everything.

That emotional state is not new in post-War literature, in which we find this feeling of unreality and uselessness among the best writers.

The same holds true of love; instead of idealizing it, Sartre tends to belittle and satirize it. That is why he likes to describe homosexuals whose perversion lends itself easily to his style of caricature. In the case of Sartre, as in the case of many other young novelists of today, love is neither beautiful, exalting nor heroic, but always boring. Sartre detests the vain complications into which love leads men. Their desire is never transformed into passion. Characteristic is Sartre's description of Lucien's first kiss: 'Lucien had the impression as if a beefsteak were suddenly plopped against his face.'

L'Enfance d'un chef, in which Sartre perhaps finds the most complete expression of his ideas, ends, nevertheless, as a sort of farce. Lucien is saved because he discovers his 'rights.' He had believed 'that he existed by chance.' Now he knows 'that long before his birth, he had been assigned his place'—presumably in his father's factory. He will marry, he will have the right to possess an obedient virgin. The concept of 'divine right,' the rôle of a husband as lord and master are, however, for Sartre nothing but a ridiculous fiction. Of course, if those pretended rights, so assiduously invoked by the bourgeoisie, really existed, there would be some element of reassurance, but they, too, are illusory.

Thus, Sartre, throughout his work, seeks vainly for a purpose. Existence has no sense and yet it is impossible to flee it. 'For to flee existence is still to exist.' Such is the despairing conclusion of the author, tempered by his verve, his curiosity, his humor, with the help of which he creates, against a nauseating background of futility, vivid and living human beings.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Hymn to a Heroic People

We Shall Live Again. *By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. 367 pages. $3.00.*

RUSSIAN by birth and American by upbringing, Maurice Hindus took two exceptional assets with him into Czecho-Slovakia in the spring of 1938. One was a long experience and unique understanding of Slavic peoples. The other was the natural talent of a superb reporter. Through the resurgent hope of last June, through the Runciman twilight into the black midnight of Munich's betrayal, Hindus remained in the doomed democracy, listening, questioning, observing. From the rich sheaf of his harvest he has written the life and death of the Czech republic. It is a living, factual, authentic and moving book.

Tens of thousands of newspaper columns have never given more than a faint hint of the Czecho-Slovakia which brightens these pages. Here is the incredibly progressive Czech town of Tabor; here, the super-modernized municipality of Batya, the shoe king. Here are sober and thrifty Czechs; singing, buoyant Slovaks; impoverished, struggling Ruthenians. The author talked with professors and businessmen; drank beer with workmen, sipped wine with peasants, chatted with mayors and priests and waitresses and young college graduates. He was surprised that Czechs were so un-Slav in their taciturnity and efficiency; delighted that the Slovaks were capable of all the wild abandon which he had known and loved among the Russian people.

If anything, Mr. Hindus was more amazed and more elated at what the 'professors' leadership' had made of Czecho-Slovakia in twenty short years. He found impressive numbers of schools for all minorities, whether German, Hungarian, Polish or Jewish. He found labor legislation, social insurance and health services for workmen far more advanced than in the United States. He found land restored to small peasant holdings on a far larger scale than anywhere else in Central Europe. All these things, plus pride and hope and enlightenment; and all narrated in terms of human beings of unmistakable flesh-and-blood, people whose blindnesses and faults are equally recognizable.

Some, reading Mr. Hindus' pre-Munich travels and observations, may wonder that so much grandeur could be found in Bohemia and Slovakia. Could the republic and the people have been quite so splendid as this? Yet the author's experiences are utterly convincing. His penetrating array of facts seem irrefutable.

In fact, I would cite as his only serious weakness an unfortunate and almost inexplicable failure to devote anything like adequate space to the Sudeten Germans, their case and their problems. In every other respect Czecho-Slovakia is brought alive with more detail, vividness and veracity than I have ever encountered between book covers before.

THIS Part I is rightly called 'Glory.' Then came 'Doom,' beginning on September 16, 1938, with the author's return to Prague as Nazi riots were sweeping the Sudeten border towns. There follows a graphic, breathlessly real day-by-day account of the Czech world crisis, as lived and felt in Prague, through to the end of September and Munich's bitter curtain. I do not think it is too much to say that these chapters constitute both great reporting and brilliant writing. None of the famous and able correspondents, with whom Mr. Hindus associated in those eventful days, has approached his faithful, rounded and eternally human chronicle of the tides of hope and despair, of inspiration and self-abnegation and ultimate bitterness, as they swept across the minds and hearts of the tortured Czecho-Slovak people. This is human drama, at its best and most terrible.

But the Chamberlain-Daladier-Bonnet dagger had been driven home. Mr. Hindus stayed on for two more months, while the corpse of Czecho-Slovakia bled and paled. He saw the heartbreak, the revulsion, the bitterness, among men and women who had commanded his utmost respect as no democratic people had ever done before. Again and again they told him that the Czech people would never be conquered or obliterated. Mr. Hindus believes them. He calls his book, *We Shall Live Again*.

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Reading it you believe that this must be true —and that this book, too, will live. I think Maurice Hindus should be as happy as an intellectual can be in a world like ours. He has written a book which a million Neville Chamberlains will never be able to answer.

—LELAND STOWE

THE BEARDS OF THE DIZZY DECADE

AMERICAN MIDPASSAGE. *By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 977 pages. $3.75.*

THE first 576 pages of this book, dealing with the political and economic history of the United States from the days of President Hoover down to the present, form a very lively survey of events and personalities in that period. Academic historians will probably sniff at the Beards' lack of 'objectivity' and their frequent abandon to the contemptuous phrase and the sneer between the lines. They refer to the *Herald Tribune* school of thought as Respectability and to the capitalistic sugar daddies as Lords of Creation. Worse, they make light of that Princeton genius, Professor Edwin Walter Kemmerer, and his gabble about 'investment opportunities,' and they even throw a scallion at the memory of the late Chief Justice William Howard Taft, 'a jurist with long political experience.'

Underneath all this intellectual hilarity runs a solid commentary on the Dizzy Decade, heightened by a considerable freshness of information and opinion. The Beards find no more warmth in Mr. Hoover than the rest of us, yet they have to admit that, for all his limitations, he did set a precedent in the White House when he held that poverty could no more be considered a local matter but a subject of Federal concern, and he did originate the idea of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

President Roosevelt carried Mr. Hoover's 'sociological outlook' further, yet not one of his measures departed from the natural development of our history. Every one of his acts, especially in 1933–1934, had 'some more or less relevant precedent,' and even the National Industrial Recovery Act 'reflected conceptions that had been associated with the apparently inexorable concentration of control in industrial economy. Had there been no profound dislocations connected with the panic, the movement of ideas and interests in this economy would have continued, unless history itself came to an end.' By being the tool of history, Mr. Roosevelt also helped shape it. He infused the logic of events with humanistic democracy. He took ideas 'once confined to groups more or less esoteric' and threw them across the nation 'with a courage and range displayed by no predecessor in his office,' thereby stirring the thought of the people 'to the uttermost borders of the land.' Despite all his mistakes, when he leaves the beautiful house on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, he will have left a stupendous mark upon his times, epochal and enduring.

The Beards' history has all the rush, excitement, and even extravagances, of contemporaneity, which will probably make it of greater value to future students than any 'impartial' work could be. One must add, however, that their excursions into the arts in the same period leaves much to be desired. On the very first page of the section devoted to them, they begin to wobble, and very soon it becomes clear, alas, that they are treading ground alien to them. Strange, heavy words clog their discourse, and bizarre judgments embarrass the informed reader.

'Springing from biological and psychological characteristics common to humanity in all times, [entertainment] perdured [sic] in this time and was adjusted to alterations in the economic conditions in which politics, business, and labor operated, by which they were nourished.' This circuitous piece of nothing might make an effervescent college junior feel proud of himself, but it does little credit to the Beards. Unfortunately, there is even worse stuff, reminiscent of women's literary societies. Consider the following: 'In conception and lines *Idiot's Delight* was so effective that it evoked debates far and wide. . . . Only one thing was certain in the play: the blame for war could not all be laid upon women;' and Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* 'translated itself to the pit and gallery and wrung responses from even old and weary critics.'

The Beards have ever been feeble in their handling of purely cultural matters, as their *The Rise of American Civilization* amply showed. They excel in the analysis of political and economic affairs, and despite their championship of the New History they would do well, out of sheer intellectual comfort, to hire a

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competent collaborator to write their 'art' chapters. Historians need not feel ashamed of admitting lack of omniscience, and of practicing humility. Edward Gibbon thought it was enough for him to stick to his own field.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

BEHIND THE SWASTIKA

REACHING FOR THE STARS. *By Nora Waln. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1939. 380 pages. $3.00.*

SWASTIKA. *By Oscar Schisgall. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1939. 238 pages. $2.00.*

GOODBYE TO BERLIN. *By Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. 1939. 317 pages. $2.50.*

NORA WALN, who wrote *House of Exile*, spent four years in Hitler's Germany. What she saw and heard is given in her new book, *Reaching for the Stars*. She says that she writes 'with no bitterness and no malice, but with a sincere attempt at interpretation. The mind which now guides my use of words strives only for accuracy. A task has been laid upon me. It is to tell as honestly as I can what I have learned from the Germans.'

What Miss Waln wrote is now on most best-seller lists. But what she has written reflects a strange combination of a beautiful soul and an utterly confused mind. It is a *mélange* of poetic prose, badly digested history, parrot-like repetition of propaganda fed her by charming Nazis, and quick references to bestialities. Miss Waln, probably one of the most kind-hearted of living souls, possesses the unhappy faculty of closing her eyes to those things which disturb her serenity and sense of goodness.

Miss Waln tells how she fainted dead away when a lovely German woman received the ashes of her husband in a cigar box. A few pages later she has this to say about the Germans: 'The Germans are the most generously kind, the quickest to sympathy, of any people I have yet known—a folk tireless in the practical things they will undertake and accomplish for one on the slightest acquaintance. *This applies to all.*' (*italics mine:* for example, to those tireless, practical Nazis who murdered and brought the ashes along!) She tells with extraordinary naïveté how, upon the death of President von Hindenburg, Dr. Goebbels *sadly* broadcast to the nation the news of his death. 'Except when out shooting, I have never seen a German hurt an animal.' She admits that 'this seems queer.' A careful reading of Erika Mann's *School for Barbarians* might help her here.

Miss Waln's publishers describe her book as 'an uncensored chronicle, indignant and compassionate.' It is probably uncensored. It is most compassionate. As for indignation, one cannot imagine Miss Waln as capable of tasting grapes of wrath, for the grapes in the Rhineland are sweet. She hears from first-hand sources stories of what might have happened in Dante's *Inferno*, but she calmly closes her eyes and writes about 'calls of pretty blue titmice, the reeling melodies of goldencrests, and the deliberate notes of busy tree creepers.' The present reviewer begs to disagree with the verdict of the best-seller lists. Miss Waln should use her great talent elsewhere. She has ventured upon ground where understanding of the beauty in her own soul has approached the zero point. Her book leaves one more confused than ever about a people 'reaching for the stars.'

OSCAR SCHISGALL'S *Swastika* is a brisk melodramatic novel about what happened to an American girl who returns with her husband to Nazi Germany. Slowly but surely her husband is taken in by Nazi ideology, 'hook, line and sinker.' Carol Traub struggles heroically against the overpowering force of the Nazi steam-roller, but she is unsuccessful. She loses her husband, but by a trick of fate saves her child. 'Swastika' has all the elements desired by a magazine editor—terse style, mounting suspense and smashing climax. It is not a great novel, but the picture it portrays of contemporary Germany appears to be closer to reality than Miss Waln's account.

Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin* is composed of six narratives which form a kaleidoscopic picture of pre-Nazi Berlin. 'Uncertainty and foreboding over impending political changes creates an atmosphere of hysteria among rich and poor alike.' One who lived in Berlin during the period described by Mr. Isherwood will recognize in this book an admirable account of the spirit and temper of the German people during an era of emotional transition.

Mr. Isherwood impresses the reader as being an English Ernest Hemingway, with considerably less hair on his chest. Those who object

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to the preponderance of sex in the tales should realize that this *was* Berlin in the days of post-war adjustment. Mr. Isherwood is indubitably a fine artist. Great work may be expected from his pen.

—Louis L. Snyder

More of Naziland

The New Inquisition. *By Konrad Heiden. Translated by Heinz Norden. New York: Modern Age Books & the Alliance Book Corporation. 1939. 188 pages. $.50.*

Escape to Life. *By Erika and Klaus Mann. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1939. 384 pages. $3.50.*

KONRAD HEIDEN, in describing the fateful November days of 1938 in Germany, writes with a restraint and logic far deadlier than mere emotional condemnation of Nazi brutalities. The author of one of the best Hitler biographies, he reports in his new book what eye-witnesses saw, heard and experienced during the three days and nights of the most terrible pogrom the world has ever known. He says, 'After six years of concentration camps, the cruelties can no longer be laid at the door of the local officials.' The top men in the Third Reich were responsible. His account of the 'educational methods' which the S.S. and the S.A. applied to the Jews in 1938 is accurate to the last detail. They were as cruel as those applied to political opponents five years before.

Erika and Klaus Mann have written a history of the exiles from Hitlerland. It is amazing what an enormous amount of material they have brought together—information about hundreds of people, men and women of all creeds and professions, many of them known throughout the world. The intimate portrait of their father, Thomas Mann, will be of especial interest to the American reader.

—Karl Billinger

[*The contributors of 'Our Own Bookshelf' are Leland Stowe, well known for his foreign news reporting; Charles Angoff, author and critic; Louis Leo Snyder, professor of modern European history at City College; Karl Billinger, author of* Fatherland.]

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

ASHIHEI HINO is the pen-name of Katsunori Tamai, a Japanese who, besides serving as a sergeant in the Chinese war, has won literary fame with his book, *Mugi to Heitai* (*Wheat and Soldiers*, Farrar and Rinehart). [p. 443]

HERMANN RAUSCHNING, the author of 'Eyes on Danzig,' is a Prussian military who, in 1931, threw in his lot with the Nazis. As President of the Danzig Senate he worked in association with Nazi officials and studied them and their political doctrine at close range. His disagreement with the Nazi methods forced him into exile where he wrote a searching analysis on National Socialism entitled *Die Revolution des Nihilismus*, shortly to be published in America by the Alliance Book Corporation. [p. 454]

THE Jews frequently refer to the recent White Paper on Palestine as a 'Black Paper' because it means, in effect, the scrapping of the mandate and the repudiation of the Balfour Declaration. Lord Samuel, who analyzes this document, was High Commissioner for Palestine from 1920 to 1925. [p. 451] Writing in a National Socialist publication, an anonymous author gives the German viewpoint on the Arab question. He thinks that the Arabs would fare better if they were to shake off the French and British yoke and play along with the Axis Powers. It is interesting to note that he does not believe in the formation of a Pan-Arab Confederation, the possibility of which is frequently envisaged today. [p. 459]

'THE VIKING,' by Albert Jarosy, is a humorous little story of a magnificent adventurer from the North, who 'laughed like a mountain god in springtime'—and lied like a Munchausen. [p. 464]

LING CHI-HUNG, who has a bone to pick with the Kuomintang and its officials, taught at Peking University and was a staff member of the *North China Standard*. He is Chief Supreme Court Justice of Hopei Province, now under Japanese control. [p. 469] The editor of the *China Weekly Review* explains why Germany prefers the present *status quo* to a Japanese conquest of China. [p. 472]

THE prolonged discussions between Donald Richberg and President Cárdenas will be an unwanted political baby on the doorstep of Mexico's next President. Who this man is likely to be is discussed by William Parker, one of the most traveled American newspaper correspondents, who just ended a stay of six months in Mexico. [p. 447] Mr. Molotov, the new Russian Commissar of Foreign Affairs, is a voluminous writer and has the reputation of making more and longer speeches than any other Soviet leader. [p. 449] Despite the fact that so much is written about Der Führer, we believe that our sketch on 'Hitler at Fifty' gives some new and revealing information. [p. 451]

DUCKS are funny. So is a pie in a Duchess's eye. So is Caruso—to the Eskimos. There seems to be no rational explanation for what people find funny, according to the first article in our 'Miscellany.' [p. 475] The other two deal with the new and not so pleasant technique of salesmanship in Germany [p. 477] and with why Chinese have not produced a Kant—or Europe a Confucius. [p. 478]

THE reviewers of 'Books Abroad' include: Paul Einzig, financial editor and author of *Monetary Reform in Theory and Practice* and *World Finance;* G. B. Stern, British novelist and playwright; León Pierre-Quint, French writer and authority on Marcel Proust.

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